# The Struggle for Asia

DC November 18, 1965 35¢

HUMPHREY'S ONE-MAN CONSTITUENCY

# THE REPORTER

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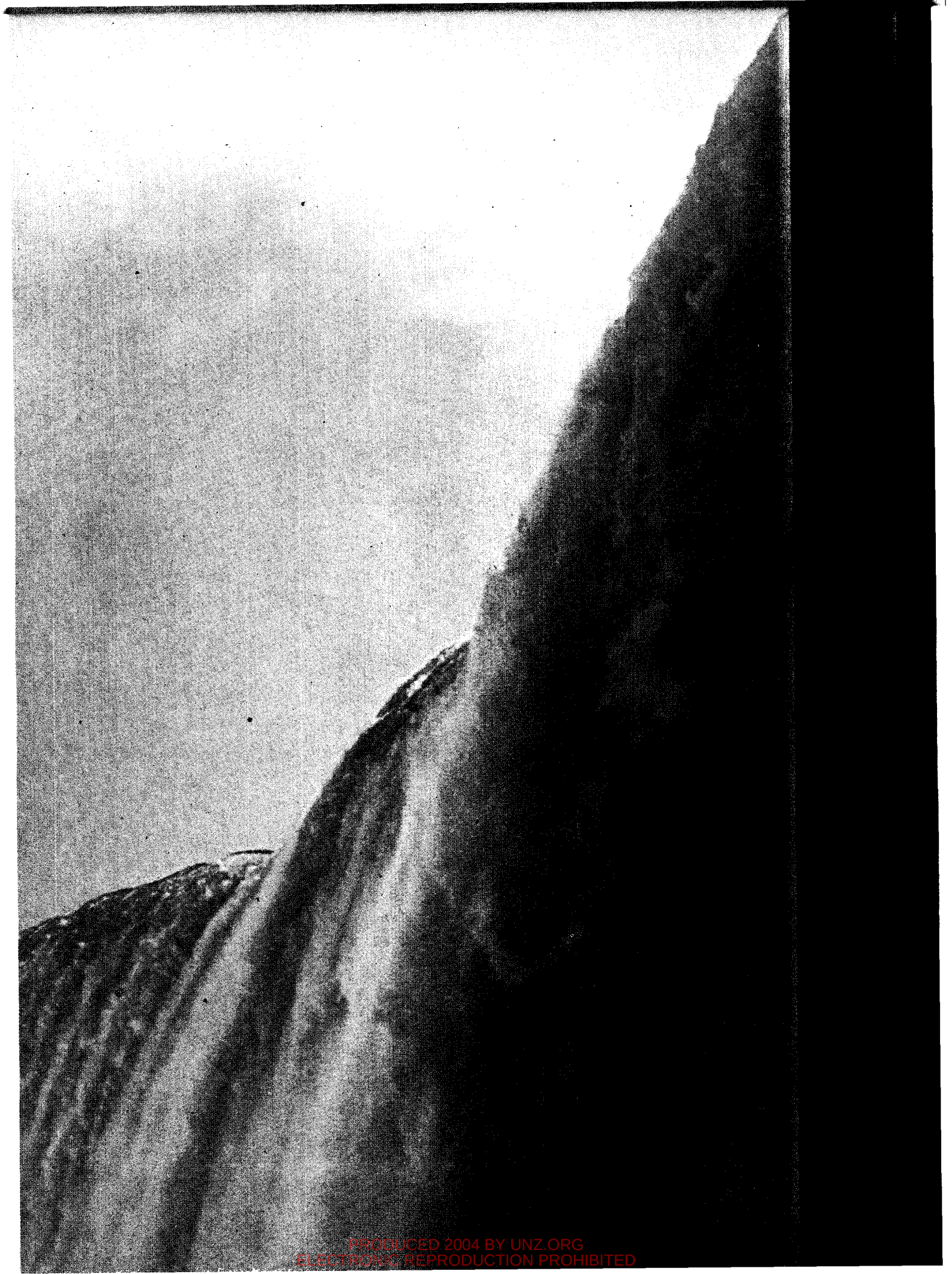

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*The pumping station at Washington's Grand Coulee Dam can move an incredible 4,320,000 gallons of water per minute—with pumps designed and built by the engineers of Borg-Warner's Byron Jackson Division. Here's the story of these remarkable machines that could be the key to quenching America's growing water crisis.*

WHEN IT COMES to taking water that's *there* and getting it *here,* nobody can hold a candle to the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Byron Jackson Division. For seventy-nine years they've been busy building pumps that lift water over mountains, push it through tunnels, down pipes and canals and irrigation ditches. And with water growing scarcer every day, they're going to be a lot busier in the future.

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And pumps like these can feed thirsty people as well as thirsty vegetables. Just one of them can pump one billion gallons of water a day. That's enough to supply every man, woman and child in the city of New York with over 100 gallons of water a day. Even now, practically every glass of water drunk in Southern California passes at one time or another through a Byron Jackson pump.

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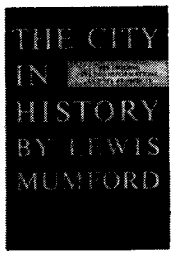

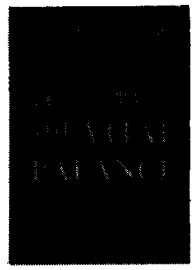
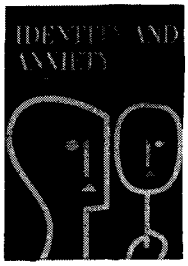

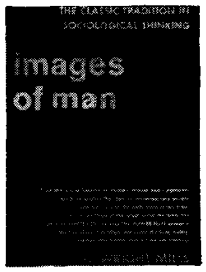

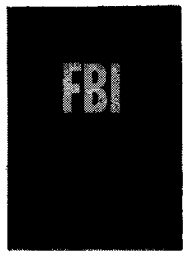

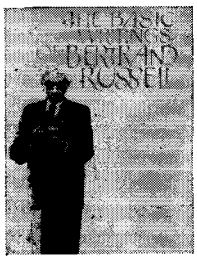

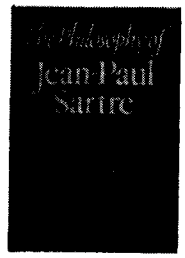

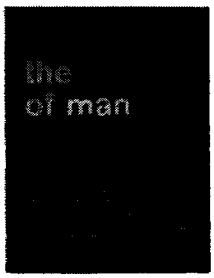


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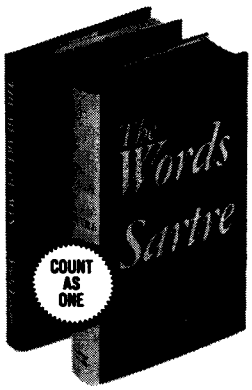

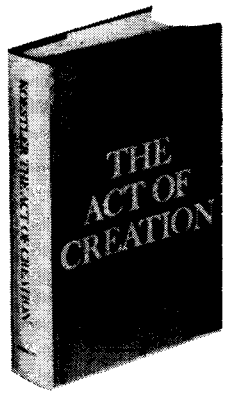

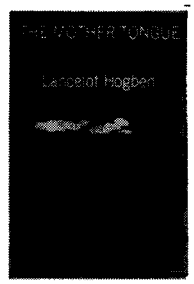


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# WHO— WHAT— WHY—

ONCE AGAIN, the United Nations has been used to becloud the relations of the great powers. For it was from the U.N. that word was spread through the world press of a hopeful new collaboration of the United States and the Soviet Union to restore peace in Kashmir. The implication was that, with China as the common enemy in Asia, the two major antagonists were approaching a period of accommodation that might be the beginning of a real détente. Quite unreported in the course of this euphoric—and Soviet-manipulated—view of things has been a vast and vitriolic Soviet propaganda campaign designed to estrange India from the West and make it dependent upon the U.S.S.R.

**Edmond Taylor's** documented report on the Communist Hate America campaign in India must be viewed together with **Denis Warner's** analysis of the abortive Peking-backed coup in Indonesia. Asia is clearly the battleground of our age for the great powers—one of the main staging areas for Marshal Lin Piao's global war of the rural versus urban peoples—and the Soviet and Chinese efforts in India and Indonesia are a part of this struggle for Asia. The best that can be said at present is that if we are still slandered in large sections of the Indian press, the Chinese Communists are, as of this moment, on the way out in Indonesia.

NOBODY knows better than Lyndon Baines Johnson what discomfiture an energetic and ambitious political leader must endure in the office of Vice-President. In the aftermath of the recent local elections in Philadelphia and New York, Hubert Humphrey, who had lent his name to two boss-backed Democratic candidates who lost, also had to leave his old liberal constituency at the mercy of politicians of doubtful liberal background. **Andrew J. Glass** covers Humphrey's activities as a Washington correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . In the South, industrialization is, after civil rights, the most important theme of the day. It has been accompanied by a union drive to organize the Southern workers that in the militancy of both sides is reminiscent of the labor struggles of the 1930's. **Vera Rony,** who describes labor's new tactics in the region, is at work on a current history of labor and civil rights in the South to be published by Quadrangle Books. . . . A compilation of the unheralded Federal involvement in a growing number of birth-control programs is provided by **Wade Greene,** a member of *Newsweek's* National Affairs staff. . . . **Philippe Ben,** correspondent at the United Nations for *Le Monde* of Paris, recently returned from a visit to Eastern Europe.

THIS IS the moviegoing season, and we have had three aficionados watching the silver screen. **Marvin Barrett,** a former managing editor of *Show,* is currently at work on a novel. . . . **Judith Crist,** who looks back not too wistfully to when we were very young, is motion-picture critic and associate drama critic of the *Herald Tribune*. . . . Our movie triumvirate is completed by **William Wiser,** a free-lance writer, with his impressions of the film festival as social phenomenon.

**Fernando Krahn,** our cartoonist, is in his usual corner, holding the mirror up to nature. *The Possible Worlds of Fernando Krahn,* a first collection of his work, has been published by Dutton. . . . **Erik Wensberg,** a former editor of the *Columbia University Forum,* is now on the books staff of the New York *Times*. . . . Critic, novelist, and essayist, **Anthony West** is British by birth and education and a New Yorker by choice.

**Martin Greenberg** is completing a study of Kafka and modern literature and is a former editor of *Commentary*. . . . **Derek Morgan** is senior editor of this magazine. . . . **John Hollander,** who teaches at Yale, received the 1958 Yale Younger Poets Award for his collection *A Crackling of Thorns.* More recent Hollander books include *Movie Going and Other Poems* and *Visions from the Ramble,* both published by Atheneum.

Our Asian cover is by **Frederick Marvin.**

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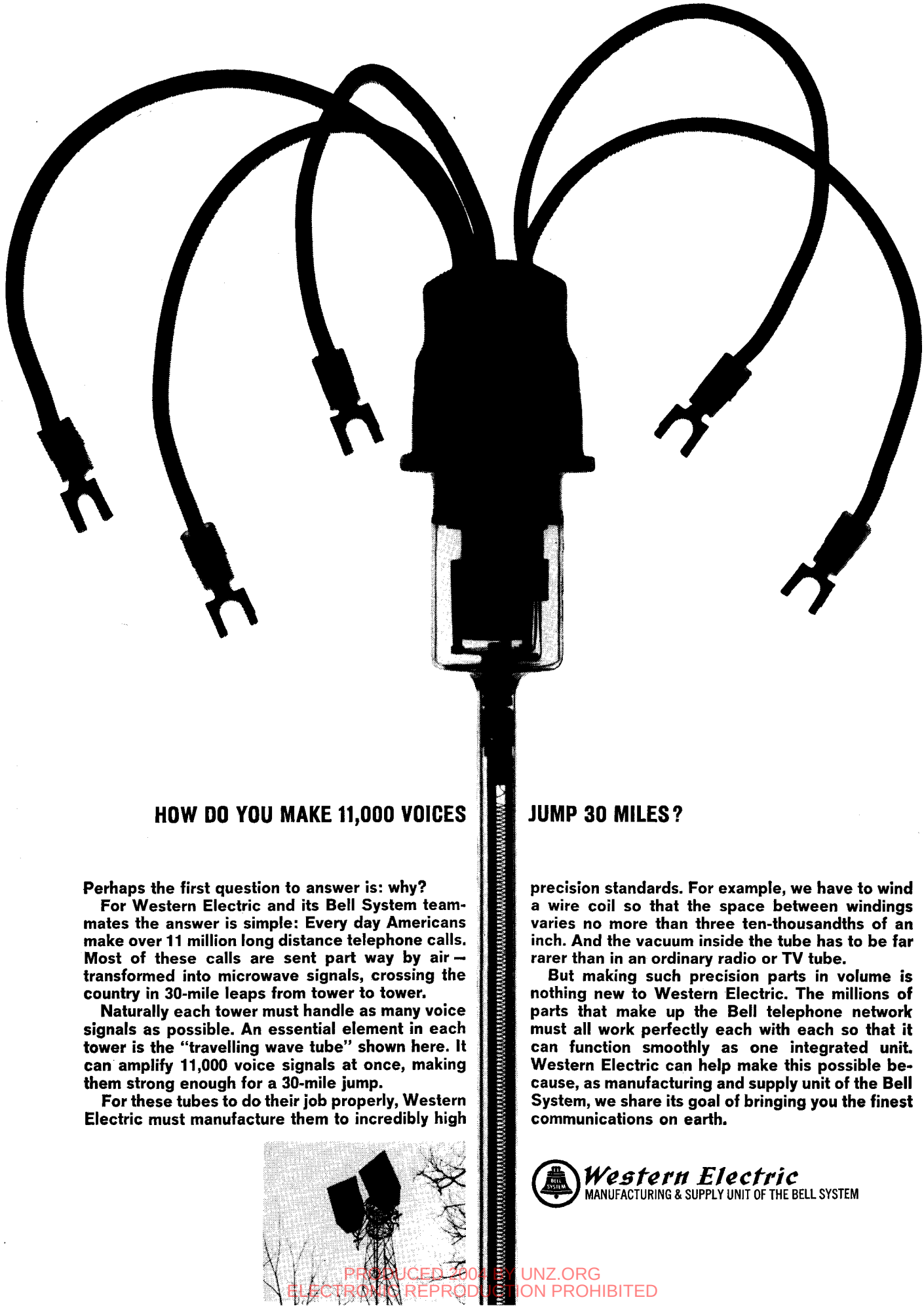

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For these tubes to do their job properly, Western Electric must manufacture them to incredibly high precision standards. For example, we have to wind a wire coil so that the space between windings varies no more than three ten-thousandths of an inch. And the vacuum inside the tube has to be far rarer than in an ordinary radio or TV tube.

But making such precision parts in volume is nothing new to Western Electric. The millions of parts that make up the Bell telephone network must all work perfectly each with each so that it can function smoothly as one integrated unit. Western Electric can help make this possible because, as manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System, we share its goal of bringing you the finest communications on earth.



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# CORRESPONDENCE

## APOLOGIES TO MRS. HARARI

**To the Editor:** In *The Reporter* of October 21, S. K. Oberbeck, reviewing Abram Tertz's *The Makepeace Experiment*, which I translated from the Russian, asserts that I was "mentioned in the Gerald Brooke espionage trial, in connection with the Russian anti-Communist émigré organization NTS," and on the strength of this misstatement links me with the NTS and accuses my translation of political bias. There is no bias whatever in my translation.

I have never belonged to the NTS or taken part in its activities, never known Mr. Brooke (who incidentally was charged with bringing in NTS leaflets), and, after prolonged research, can find no evidence of having been mentioned in his trial. The Brooke trial was not for espionage but for propaganda and was aimed partly at discrediting liberal Soviet intellectuals and their sympathizers abroad. No one present at its open sessions whom I have been able to question remembers hearing me mentioned and the Soviet papers which attacked me at the time did not claim to quote the proceedings. Mr. Oberbeck's statement is therefore factually incorrect as well as defamatory of me as a translator, and I can only ask for an apology and for you to publish this letter.

MANYA HARARI
London

***Mr. Oberbeck replies:***

My mention that Mrs. Harari's name was linked with NTS in an account of the Brooke trial was offered only as background material, not as political judgment. If this affected Mrs. Harari as an accusation of "political bias," I can only apologize and affirm that this was not intended.

*The concluding passage of Mr. Oberbeck's review states: "As a curious footnote, her name was mentioned in the Gerald Brooke espionage trial, in connection with the Russian anti-Communist émigré organization NTS. Whatever Mrs. Harari's politics, a writer of political persuasions as delicate as Tertz's deserves an entirely unbiased translator. It does not appear that he has got one."*

*The assertion, still unproved, that the name of Mrs. Harari was "mentioned" in the trial seems to imply that her competence as a translator should be discredited. But there is no use in my taking issue now with that passage, for, in permitting its publication, I have failed to live up to my editorial responsibility. I apologize to Mrs. Harari and to* The Reporter's *readers.*

—MAX ASCOLI

**To the Editor:** As one who has some claim to know both of the languages concerned, may I point out:

That there is not a jot of distortion of the real meaning, or of nuance, in Mrs. Harari's translation; that though there are a few minor omissions of a word or sentence or two here and there, these are, in my opinion, almost in every case justified by good taste or good sense, and certainly in *no* case distort the meaning. [Mr. Oberbeck does not] strengthen his case by dragging up some recent Soviet slander on the character of a lady to whom we all owe an immense debt of gratitude for her work in making the stifled voices of the literary victims of the KGB known in the English-speaking world.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO
Professor of Political Science
The University of London

## THE NEW PARTNERSHIP

**To the Editor:** I read with considerable interest "The Business Role in the Great Society" ("I. The Computers Tackle Social Problems," by Jerald terHorst; "II. Experiment at Camp Kilmer," by Wayne Welch. *The Reporter*, October 21). In general, these reports were excellent descriptions of a new and exciting aspect of government. I have one small but significant correction to make in the views attributed to me concerning the development of improved hospital care.

I believe that the Federal government has the responsibility to improve *existing* Federal programs wherever it can. It is this reason that led the Department of Defense to conduct a systems design study on a Defense Department hospital. If these same companies can provide equal or better hospitals for state or local governments, then I expect that they will do so. At no time have I suggested that the Federal government has a responsibility to determine how local hospitals should be built.

ARTHUR BARBER
Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense

**To the Editor:** I wish to express my thanks to Messrs. terHorst and Welch and to your staff for their accurate, concise, and most readable "The Business Role in the Great Society."

The business community has indeed become a "working partner" in the war on poverty, and we hope that this present partnership will foster new methods of attacking poverty through the experience and research and development of our present business "partners," as well as produce additional public and private corporate business interest in the plight of the poor.

We feel that business participation in all phases of OEO operation is healthy and wise. Many business firms in the United States have belied the inaccurate "self-serving" tag generally applied to business by allowing us to "borrow"



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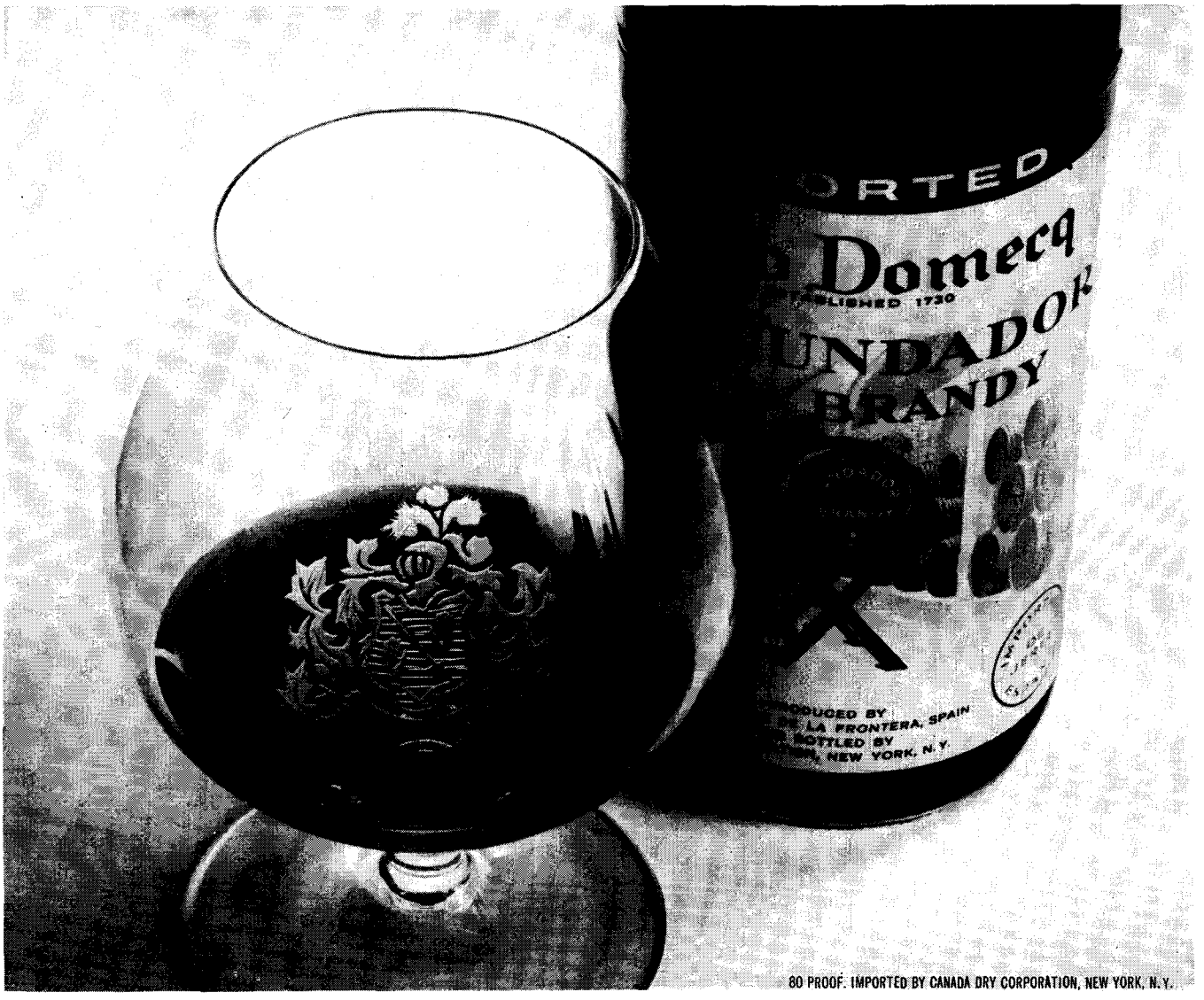


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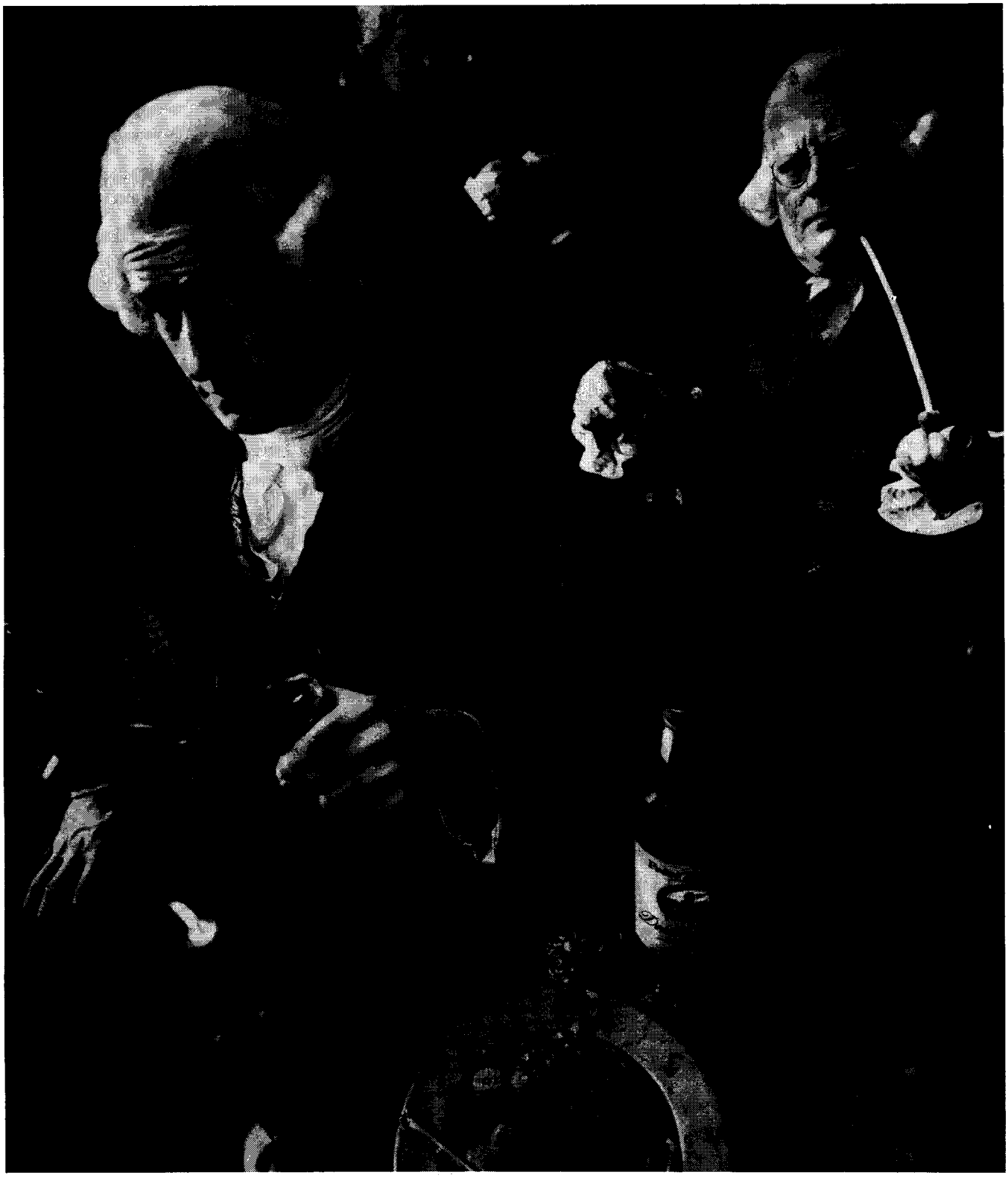

January 23, 1781. William Pitt, newest member of Parliament and hottest political hope since Cromwell, ponders the future: Can England hold the rebellious American colonies? Will London weather ever improve? Will Pedro Domecq still be England's largest-selling sherry 183 years from now?

***La Ina,*** *the driest of the cocktail sherries, is the largest seller in Spain —the home of true sherry. Domecq makes a sherry to satisfy every taste.*

***Double Century*** *is a more full-bodied, semi-cream sherry. Truly an all-occasion sherry, it is the largest seller in England—where sherry got its name.*

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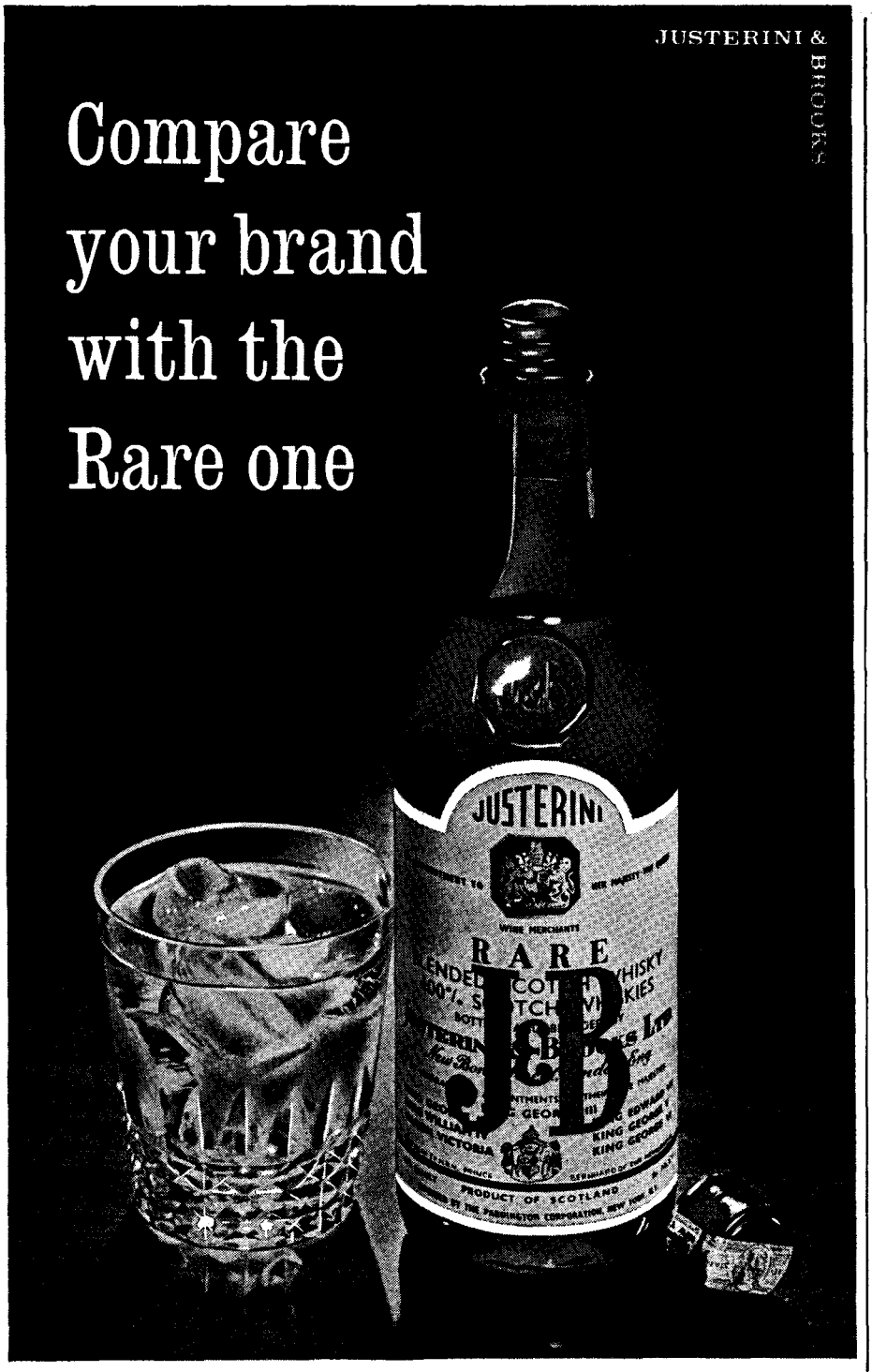


J&B Rare scotch whisky

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top executive talent for as long as two years. These executives, granted leaves of absence from their firms, are holding positions of authority within our program and we are grateful to the business community for responding to our requests. Business has responded admirably to the call by our office to aid in the poverty fight. Articles such as yours are a great help to us in informing the businessman of the need for his participation.

SARGENT SHRIVER, Director
Office of Economic Opportunity
Washington, D.C.

## IN BLACK & WHITE

**To the Editor:** I have read with great interest A. H. Raskin's "Who Needs Newspapers?" (*The Reporter,* October 21). As Mr. Raskin quite properly points out, it has been the unspectacular year-round work of such bodies as the steel industry's Human Relations Committee which (until its unfortunate downgrading this year) has so often helped avoid the dramatic last-minute crisis which can end in disaster for both sides. As you may know, mediator Theodore Kheel, in the settlement proposal which the *Times* and the Newspaper Guild ultimately accepted, recommended the formation of just such a "human relations committee" to settle newspaper labor difficulties day by day instead of allowing them to accumulate into strike issues.

Mr. Raskin's article is a sensitive analysis of the need for an updating of collective-bargaining practices in the newspaper industry and elsewhere.

JACOB K. JAVITS
U.S. Senate

## THE LONELY MIDAS

**To the Editor:** I note two statements of fact at the beginning of Peter H. Binzen's "Philadelphia's Negroes Challenge a Will" (*The Reporter,* October 21), the source of which I would be interested to know. One is that Stephen Girard made his money in opium smuggling. I had never heard of this before. I also question whether the characterization of Mr. Girard as being "cold and aloof" is consistent with the fact that he left his entire fortune for the benefit of his fellow citizens and with the heroic part which he played in the yellow fever epidemic of 1793.

CHARLES J. BIDDLE, Attorney
Philadelphia

[Both statements are contained in a sympathetic biography of Stephen Girard, *Lonely Midas,* by Harry Emerson Wildes, published in 1943 by Farrar & Rinehart. In addition to describing in great detail Girard's courageous actions in the yellow fever epidemic, the author offers an exhaustive picture of many commonplace activities in the shipping industry of Girard's day, such as, in addition to smuggling opium into China, the inspection of mail shipped aboard one's vessels by competitors.]

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# THE REPORTER'S NOTES

## This Electoral Season

Elections are taking place all over, but none can possibly have such world-wide impact as those on December 5 in France. When Charles de Gaulle himself announced his candidacy, he created a commotion equaled only by the resounding declaration of no surprise among all those who know French affairs best. Those Americans who, for years, have advocated cutting France down to size and denounced the megalomania of its leader are going to have their minds focused on de Gaulle and his country until the returns are in. Yet the returns are as predictable as the general's announcement.

There is a disconcerting quality about this man who, as he said in his speech on November 4, has saved his country over and over again. He has remained alone, just as when he made the first broadcast from Britain to the people of France. His ideal for France is, as he has said many times, that it be French. His ideal for Europe is that it be European; when he wanted the disengagement of France from Algeria, he put his life at stake for an Algerian Algeria. The only exception in this series of tautologies is that there has never been a Gaullist de Gaulle.

De Gaulle has never sought power in terms of a sacrament but in terms of a legitimacy which the people can give or deny. Unlike Louis XIV, he never thought of himself as the State. The State, for him, is the people of France. This is why the vote of confidence he is seeking now is the culmination of his career: the assent of the people will redeem the power that he has wielded and that will be his for the time that is left to him. Then the end will come for this old and deeply religious man.

He has also some practical reasons for his candidacy. He, the enemy of political parties, wants to give those who are in opposition to him a chance to be numbered and show their worth. All in France and abroad who are hoping for a return to the Fourth Republic will have a preview of what the future might have in store for them if the legacy of de Gaulle is erased from French history. Finally, once he becomes the first President of the Fifth Republic directly elected by the people, de Gaulle can make manifest his decision as to the men he thinks suited to carry on. The constitution will have been tested not by politicians' maneuvers but by the decision of the French people.

As far as our country is concerned, it is to be hoped that both the French government and ours will do their utmost to reduce the antagonism between the two countries to a level of tolerable diversity of policy and ideas. For too long, we have been, to talk reservedly about such a delicate subject, on a level that could not be called sanity but, rather, its opposite. On both sides there has been a most zestful competition in offending the other's pride, or courting the other's enemy. The gradual French disengagement from NATO, the open American hostility to the French-German pact, the fun poked at the French *force de frappe*, on de Gaulle's intercontinental tour, and the lurid pieces of journalism on one side or the other—all these acts of hostility have become too many and too senseless to be even adequately listed. But it may be useful to look at just a few of them if we want to begin an understanding of the root cause of it all.

In judging other nations and in determining how to deal with them, our administrations since the end of the war have been following concurrently two entirely contradictory policies, one dictated by the cold evaluation of the other country's power and wealth, the other by the legalistic equalitarianism of the United Nations. On the one hand, we ask for the balance sheet of a country and judge it according to its credit rating; on the other, we act as if the whole world, ourselves included, were under Social Security.

For de Gaulle, we are an extremely hard nation to understand, probably the hardest in the world. He sees his nation belittled in the view the Americans have of it, and he cannot forgive our unwillingness to take into consideration the intangible assets of sustained will power and historic tradition in a country like France that has still a role to play in the affairs of the world.

Not alone among his countrymen, de Gaulle sometimes thinks that behind all the trappings of alliances and equalitarianism our country's aim is to achieve a neat division of the world with the Communists. At other times, this enemy of political parties in his own country may think that France's role is that of opposition leader within the western coalition.

Only one man can reassure Charles de Gaulle that this is the function of his country, and that man is our President—once he has come to realize that our country has nothing to fear from a friendly and critical France.

—Max Ascoli

## Grand Drag

The House Committee on Un-American Activities is at it again; and this time the object of its attention is the Ku Klux Klan. As drama, the whole thing has been what one might call a Grand Drag, the quality of which was summed up in the committee's exchange with George F. Dorsett, the Imperial Kludd. As is its habit, in painstaking pursuit of the irrelevant, the com-


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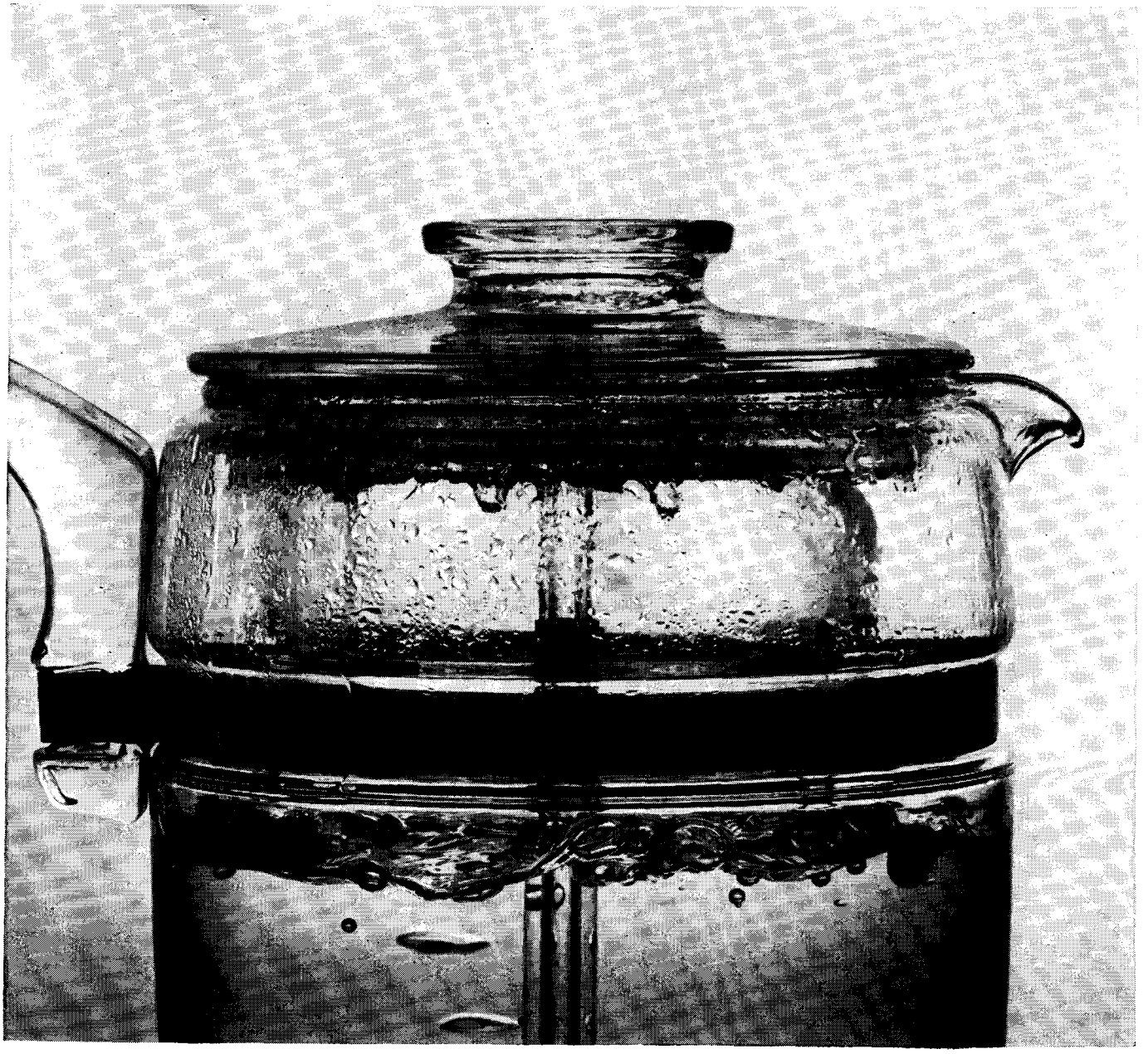

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You did this morning.

You will tomorrow morning.

Even the most fastidious cook can't avoid starting the coffee with water that only yesterday might have laundered shirts, descaled steel, and whistled through a steam calliope or someone else's coffeepot. And tomorrow used water will start its rounds all over again.

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**Invented** about 1750, Anisette comes from the seeds of green anise. The original Anisette, however, uses only anise seeds grown in Spain. They are the most flavorful in the world. To capture their flavor, the seeds must be harvested at just the right time, then dried and processed with extreme care.

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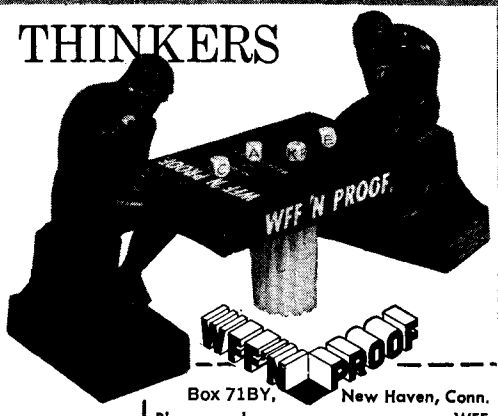


**Can you solve this problem?**

1. There are three numbered statements in this box.
2. Two of these numbered statements are not true.
3. The average increase in I.Q. scores of those who learn to play WFF 'N PROOF is more than 20 points.

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mittee sought to establish that the Kludd had been a school dropout, for which the Kludd—a man of the cloth—retaliated by telling reporters he was "appalled" that the committee failed to open its sessions with a prayer. All this has been going on for several weeks now, and we think we speak for many observers when we say that there has not been a contest in recent memory in which we found it so difficult to determine whose side we were on.

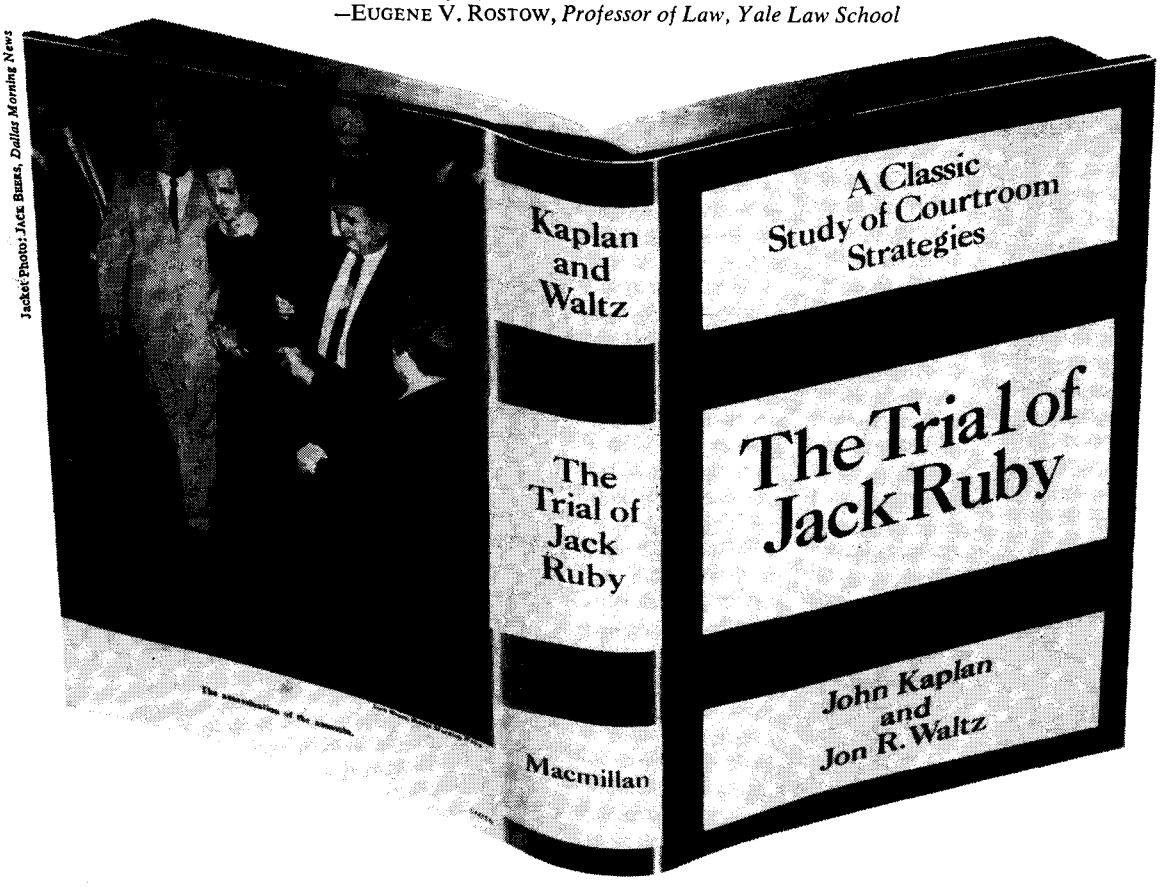
That unique combination of horror and low comedy which marks the Klan has been evident from the beginning in the hearing room. Allusions to caches of explosives, demolition training, police collusion, and terrorism has been mixed with tales of pranks and petty crimes, of a harassment arsenal that includes slingshots, snakes and lizards, and even pepper. There was also profiteering in fabrics for Klan robes.

Wasn't it a fact, the committee investigator said, that one witness had purchased satin at sixty-four cents a yard and that you could make a "small robe" out of five yards, and that he had been selling them for $15 apiece? They weren't all satin, were they? the chairman inquired. "No," replied the investigator, who had apparently become something of an expert seamster himself, "There is buckram, which is the stiffening material that holds the peak up."

Since the witnesses have not been answering the questions, but intoning instead the familiar Constitutional countdown—Fifth, First, Fourth, and Fourteenth Amendments—the committee has been left to develop its case at will, and thus far it has chosen to emphasize internal finagling and crimes against the Klan's constitution that the outsider finds it hard to get worked up about. In his opening statement, Chairman Edwin E. Willis (D., Louisiana) implied that the "rank and file Klan membership" should be attentive to what was revealed, and since then the world has been told such things as that only $260 of a $600 Klan defense fund appeared to have gone for its stated purpose, that Klan leaders with access to Klan funds had been doing some pretty high living, and that despite the Klan's stand against

"THE TRIAL OF JACK RUBY is a first-rate piece of analysis, which belongs on the shelf with Sybille Bedford's two books about law, and Anthony Lewis's GIDEON'S TRUMPET. It is scrupulous, strong-minded, and fair; very well written, and most effective in defining a problem by telling a story. Their story has the pathos and absurdity with which life so often embellishes tragedy."

—EUGENE V. ROSTOW, *Professor of Law, Yale Law School*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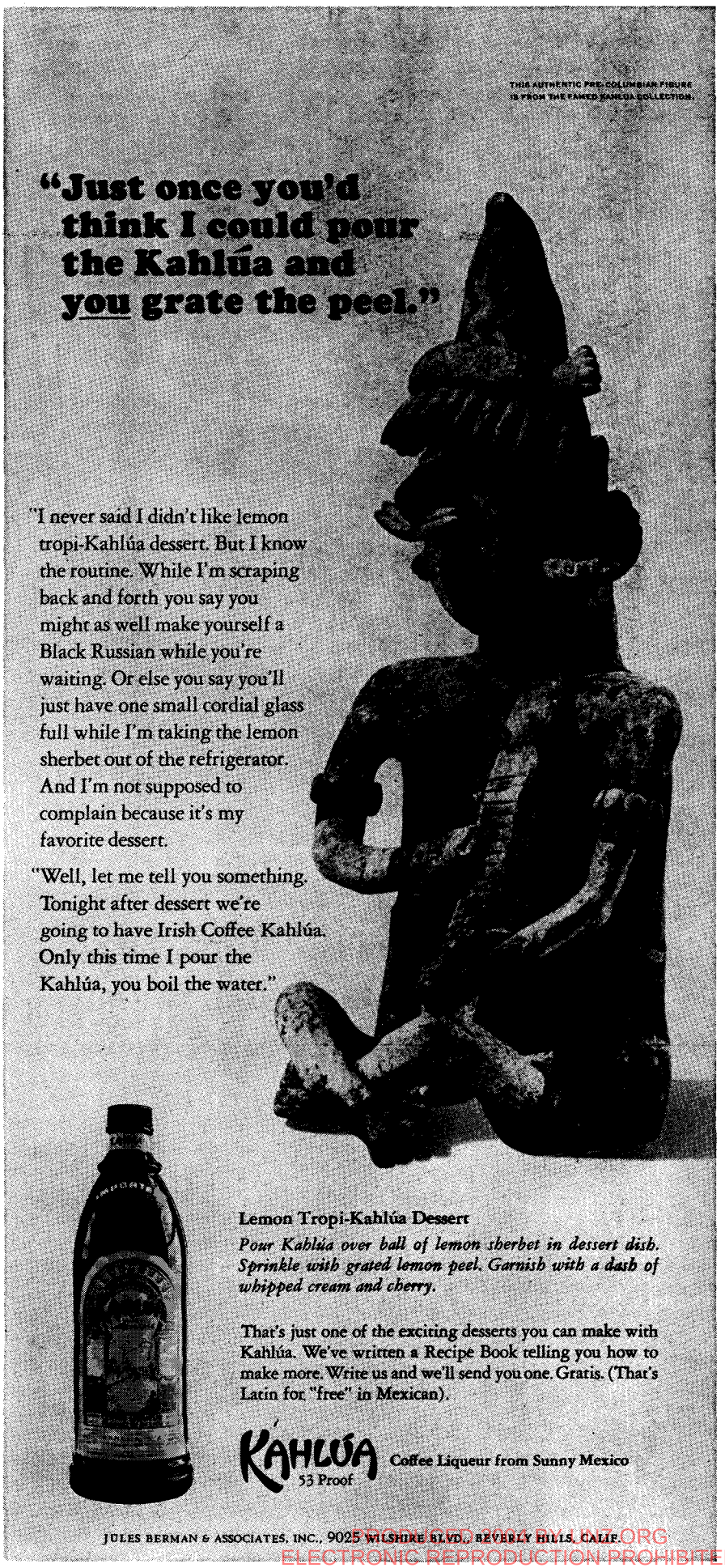
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"Well, let me tell you something. Tonight after dessert we're going to have Irish Coffee Kahlúa. Only this time I pour the Kahlúa, you boil the water."
Lemon Tropi-Kahlúa Dessert
Pour Kahlúa over ball of lemon sherbet in dessert dish. Sprinkle with grated lemon peel. Garnish with a dash of whipped cream and cherry.
That's just one of the exciting desserts you can make with Kahlúa. We've written a Recipe Book telling you how to make more. Write us and we'll send you one. Gratis. (That's Latin for "free" in Mexican).
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Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico
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"gambling, drinking, and the like," Klan official Fred L. Wilson of North Carolina had been convicted in 1960 for violating the state's lottery laws. It was also told that another official had been dishonorably discharged from the army for having once gone AWOL.

THE all too evident purpose of this sort of revelation has been to discredit the Klan's leaders with its members and with the public at large—a function which, however desirable it may be, never has been and still is not a legitimate one for a committee of Congress. Even dressed up in satin and buckram pieties, the committee's aim of trial by publicity is recognizable. "They have nothing to fear or lose," as Chairman Willis grandly put it, "that is if they have nothing to hide—nothing to hide from the Congress, nothing to hide from the American people . . ." Indeed, Representative John H. Buchanan, Jr. (R., Alabama), has already expressed satisfaction at the way the exposure has been proceeding. "We have shed light," he said, "on the nature of the leadership, the character and caliber of the leadership." But character and caliber, however low the sort, are still not in the category of crime. And if the committee has apparently uncovered violations of the Internal Revenue Code (that seems to be the main finding so far), the Klansmen involved clearly ought to be prosecuted in courts of law where they have the right to confront and cross-examine the witnesses against them.

Over the years, to be sure, the committee has learned a measure of caution. For example, its members nowadays tend to emphasize the right of witnesses to take the Fifth Amendment before drawing their invariable conclusions about such a tactic. "While I'm not going to make any inferences from the numerous times that you have invoked the Fifth Amendment," one committee member said to Imperial Wizard Shelton, "I will simply say this: that for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, it may well prove that the record in your case will speak very clearly for itself." Even on its best behavior, the committee found it a chore to restrain itself, and the



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And we'd always start off with the same answer: "UniRoyal, my friend, is the new worldwide trade-mark of the United States Rubber Company."

To which they'd invariably reply: "Why UniRoyal?"

To which we'd invariably reply: "Because UniRoyal tells more about the U.S. Rubber Company and what it makes today than 'U.S. Rubber' does."

At which point we'd see that they still didn't know what we were talking about.

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And, to further clear things up, we'd further explain that: " 'U.S. Rubber' also says 'Made in U.S.A.' to a consumer in Europe, Canada or Latin America. Which can cause a lot of confusion now that U.S. Rubber has 28 big manufacturing plants in 23 foreign countries."

"Oh!" they'd exclaim, the puzzled looks leaving their faces. "I see. U.S. Rubber needed a new international trade-mark; one that didn't say 'rubber' or 'U.S.' So they chose UniRoyal."

"Right," we'd answer. "We couldn't have stated it better ourselves."

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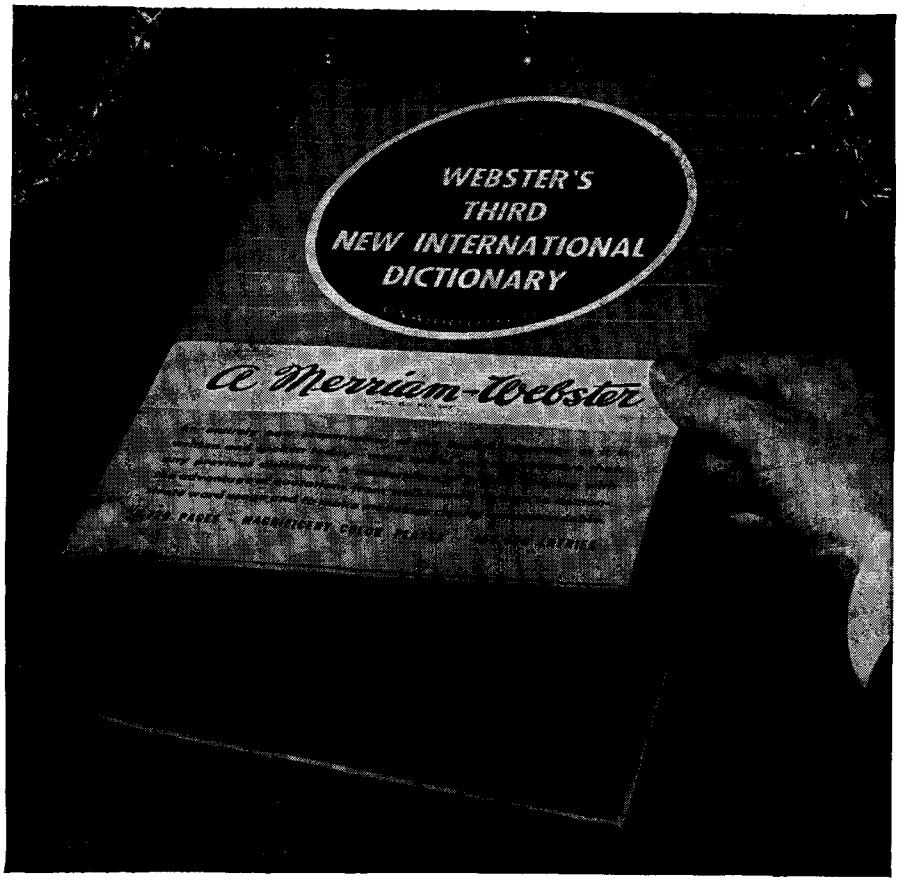


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improper questions and charges just would keep tumbling out:

"If our information is correct, you're in for worse trouble."

"Are you ashamed to be a member of the Ku Klux Klan? . . . I order and direct you to answer the question."

If there has not been much to cheer for or be cheered by on either side, there are, it seems to us, at least tiny areas of comfort. One lay in the reason a former Klansman gave for having left the organization: "I don't think they have a program." That is fairly good news and so is the charge frequently heard these days against the committee—that for all the money it has spent, it has succeeded in getting only two measures made into law since 1957. We are aware that both charges—that the Klan had no over-all program and that the committee had failed to enact new laws—were made by way of complaint. As for us, we are grateful for small favors.

### Where's That Apple?

The day after the New York elections we received a letter urging us to vote for Conservative Joe McGuire as the state assemblyman for New York's 71st District. At the head of the list of his qualifications was the fact that he has had "over 30 years' National Guard and Military experience" and is "an expert rifle shot." The letter was signed by a colonel, and five of the fourteen names on the letterhead were preceded by "Colonel." Does the Conservative Party foresee the possibility of having to take aim from behind the barricades? Or are the colonels plotting the formation of a military junta in Albany?

McGuire lost, perhaps in part because his message came too late. There were other evidences of ineptitude. The letterhead bears the address 1610 First Avenue, New York 22; the envelope 1016 First Avenue. Now 1016 *is* in Zone 22, but 1610 is in Zone 28. If the vaunted marksmanship of Mr. McGuire is no better than the coordination in his office, the Conservatives had better find themselves another William Tell to advance as the savior of the 71st District.

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[Crib Notes from Paul Masson]

# How to cheat at wine-tasting though blindfold

THE cheating occurs *before* you pour the wine; by elimination. Even with the blindfold labels you can tell quite a lot.

Aside from the obvious division into Red, White, and Rosé, there are three traditional bottles, depending on the wine type: Rhine-Moselle (tall and skinny), Claret (high-hipped), and Burgundy (the other one).

So, confronted by the above, for instance, you would know that the right bottle is either Paul Masson's California Pinot Chardonnay, Pinot Blanc, or Chablis; that at the left is one of our two Sauternes; that the center bottle is either our Emerald Dry, Rhine Castle, Riesling, or Rhine Wine.

Of course, beyond this point you will have to depend on your palate to tell you the delicious differences.

The same visual aids apply to our Reds and Rosés as well. Should you care to rush the cribbing season we will be happy to send you a form chart for all 15 Paul Masson table wines, together with the labels of each so you will know what to look for at the restaurant or wine store. Happy tasting, and don't try it on the same people twice.

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©1965, PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, DEPT. R-2, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA; or come visit.

# The Soviet Bid for India

EDMOND TAYLOR

NEW DELHI

"WASHINGTON officials who think that the Soviet Union and the United States have virtually the same interests in Southern Asia couldn't be more wrong." The speaker was one of the relatively rare Indians who are both anti-Russian and anti-Chinese. "It's complete poppycock to say that they want peace and stability in this part of the world as much as the United States does. What the Russians have always wanted is India. They've been watching and studying India for years, slowly building up their political bases here, developing a pool of trained experts and operators. The West doesn't realize it yet, but the Soviets in India have become a grave menace. China may be a military threat to the country, but internally the Chinese don't count; they are too clumsy, too doctrinaire. The Russians are the real danger. They've learned something from their past mistakes and they're catching up fast. The Moscow-controlled front organizations in India are much more formidable: the labor unions, peasant associations, youth groups, peace councils, Afro-Asian committees, and friendship societies. Then there is the press: the Communist press, the crypto press, and the remote-controlled press. Above all there are the fellow travelers and the Soviet sympathizers in Indian politics. Unless you live here you can scarcely imagine the extent of the Soviet penetration into Indian society."

Though my informant backed up his sweeping generalizations with a good deal of hard fact, I was a bit nonplused. Since arriving in India last September I had several times heard knowledgeable Americans here refer to India's growing awareness of the Chinese threat in Southeast Asia, and I knew that Ambassador Chester Bowles had a euphoric vision—publicly reflected in a recent letter from him to Representative Clarence D. Long of the House Appropriations Committee—of a developing Indian-American co-operation in the region to block Chinese expansionism, presumably with the tacit blessing of the Soviet Union in a kind of diplomatic *ménage à trois.*

Certainly, the sincerity of my informant—perhaps it will make him seem a little less ghostly if I call him R.—was unquestionable. I knew, too, that his qualifications were impressive. R. has studied and fought Communist threats of all kinds in India for many years; it is an understatement to say that he has the opportunity to observe it at close range. He is particularly well acquainted with the press and labor fields. Unlike many Indians, R. plainly had a mind schooled in objectivity as well as in logic. On the other hand, the characteristic dogmatism of the anti-


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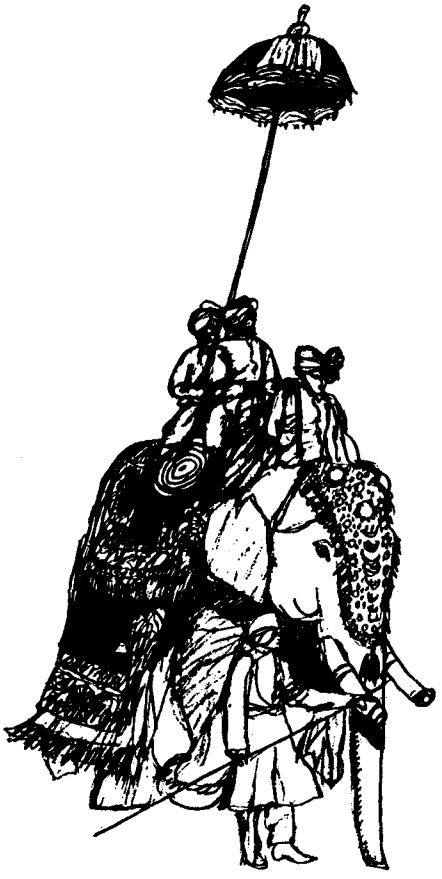
Communist activist seemed evident in some of his attitudes. Few Indians, moreover, can resist the temptation to scare the pants off any American they get hold of these days in a kind of friendly and often unconscious political blackmail. But the more I have investigated matters here, the more I have become convinced that both the scale and the orientation of Soviet political warfare in India are as ominous as R. indicated.

**Chapter and Verse**

The Soviet intent to poison the Indian mind against the United States is easily established by statements in the Soviet press itself, not to mention the utterances of local Communists or notorious fellow travelers. A Press Trust of India dispatch from Moscow reported on October 13: "The Soviet political weekly *New Times*, in an article published in its latest issue, has said that the Anglo-American powers had complicated the Kashmir situation by 'intrigues' aimed at detaching the state from India and making it their 'puppet.' The three-thousand-word article said the United States had been trying since the first invasion by 'raiders led by the U.S. intelligence agent Russell Haight' in 1947 to make Kashmir as strong a military base as Okinawa."

The *New Times* article was prominently featured even in Indian newspapers favorable to the United States. Leftist publications, like the important Delhi daily the *Patriot*, a member of a publishing chain politically associated with former Defense Minister V. K. Krishna Menon, naturally lapped it up. Communist and fellow-traveling editors and politicians throughout the country embroidered on the theme of America's sinister designs on Kashmir. According to a report in the *Times of India*, Bhupesh Gupta, a Communist member of Parliament and members of the pro-Soviet Communist Party of India's central executive committee, declared in Patna on October 17: "Britain and the U.S. have been conspiring to grab Kashmir ever since independence." At a press conference in Hyderabad on the same day, M. N. Govindan Nair, a key member of the CPI's central secretariat, attacked the left-wing (pro-Chinese) Communist stand on Kashmir because on this issue "the U.S. imperialists and China find themselves together." Fortunately, Nair explained, the Pakistani aggression in Kashmir had brought to the foreground the Indian people's "anti-imperialist and pro-Soviet feelings." On October 19 Krishna Menon, speaking at Lucknow, said, according to a special correspondent of the *Patriot*, that "The hand of the western powers was clearly discernible in Kashmir." Earlier in the day, Menon delivered an unreported speech to students of Lucknow University. By an interesting coincidence, a group of students thereupon staged a turbulent demonstration in front of the British Council library—which they tried to burn down the following day—and a less rowdy one in front of the USIS library in the city, featuring



slogans like "Down With Anglo-American Imperialism" and "Down With Lyndon Johnson and Harold Wilson."

Toward the end of October, the Communist Hate America campaign became even more vicious, in an evident attempt to sabotage the trip to Washington by Prime Minister Shastri, which pro-western elements in India have been working hard to promote. "The blood of our brave soldiers, shed to defend the country's integrity, is still fresh and wet on President Johnson's hands," Communist leaders Achutha Menon and Govindan Nair declared at a public meeting in Trivandrum on October 28. "Shastri must not go!" is the title of a vitriolic editorial in the October 30 issue of *Blitz*. About the same time the left-wing press started putting greater stress on a theme launched earlier by *New Age*, the CPI's weekly organ: "AMERICAN FOOD BLACKMAIL; TO HELL WITH THIS P.L. 480!"

EVEN some Indian politicians who are or have been in positions of highest authority have helped spread the Communist-inspired theme that the United States had its eye on Kashmir. In a public meeting in New Delhi presided over by Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the Indian Minister of Information—and likewise attended by the ubiquitous Krishna Menon, who delivered an impromptu speech by popular demand—G. M. Sadiq, the Chief Minister of Kashmir-Jammu State, declared, if he was correctly quoted by the admiring *Patriot*, that "Behind it all [the trouble in Kashmir] were the British and Americans who were trying to 'persuade' India into surrendering a portion of its territory to Pakistan so that their aim of making Kashmir a military base could be achieved." The fact that Sadiq's speech was made on October 12, a day before the Moscow correspondents filed their summaries of the *New Times* article, makes it hard to tell whether he was plagiarizing Moscow or vice versa; in any event they seemed to be on the same thought wave.

Another Soviet comment on the Kashmir issue was reported by PTI from Moscow on October 28 and published in the *Patriot* among other organs here. The comment was signed by S. Mikoyan, son of Anastas Mikoyan, and it appeared in the authoritative *Literaturnaya Gazeta*. The U.S. government, Mikoyan charged, had armed Pakistan so as to blackmail India into joining its military alliance.

The Soviet-inspired Hate America drive is reported to be particularly intensive in West Bengal and in the south. "A well-planned campaign to



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swing public opinion against the American 'imperialists' has started in the Communist and pro-Communist press and from public platforms," a special correspondent of the conservative weekly *Current* reported early in October from Kerala. "Communist agents are working overtime to influence the thinking of all men who matter in public life. The Right [pro-Soviet] Communists appear to be more earnest about this than their Left counterparts. According to observers of Communist tactics, this is part of a country-wide long-range plan to turn India against America and to make it lean more and more towards the Soviet Union."

Among the Communist agents in the south who have been working overtime to incite opinion leaders against the United States is said to be the Soviet consul in Madras, though normally Soviet political-warfare operatives with diplomatic cover in India do not expose themselves so blatantly in attacking nations with which India maintains friendly relations.

Naturally, the Soviet political-warfare stategists and the Indian agents or allies stress whenever possible the contrast between the perfidious American attitude on the Kashmir question and the Soviet Union's wholehearted, disinterested support of the Indian position. As a corollary, Moscow goes out of its way to throw cold water—at least in India—on the favorite Washington pipe dream of the two great superpowers working hand in hand through the U.N. to bring peace back to this troubled subcontinent. "In recent weeks," the *Patriot* correspondent reported from Moscow on October 9, "Soviet commentators have been seeking to dispel the impression given by western propaganda that the interests of the Soviet Union and the West were identical as far as Indo-Pakistan problems were concerned. There may be a confluence of interest in securing a cease-fire, but the two sides desire peace for entirely different reasons."

In an article entitled "Pressure, Blackmail, Lies," the weekly *Link*, a stablemate of the *Patriot* and a left-wing anti-American imitation of *Time*, exposed an alleged attempt of Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg to make India's U.N. delegate swallow a proposal for a joint U.S.-Soviet mediation in the dispute with Pakistan as a maneuver to head off the Soviet suggestion of a meeting between Prime Ministers Shastri and Ayub Khan under Soviet auspices in Tashkent. The U.S. maneuver was foiled, *Link* gleefully reported, because "The Soviet Union has assured India it will not agree to collaborate with the U.S.A. outside the Security Council, where it would be deprived of the use of veto in India's support. . . ." The Soviet leadership, according to *Link*, "has also refuted the theory propounded by U.S. spokesmen and their supporters in India and elsewhere that the Soviet Union was collaborating with the U.S.A. for the restoration of peace between India and Pakistan."

**Blitz-krieg**

The sensational left-wing Bombay weekly *Blitz* revealed that the "insidious campaign that the Soviet Union and the United States are constituting a two-man tribunal to adjudge the politics of the Kashmir problem" disturbs Soviet diplomats in India, and so do the efforts of the "U.S. lobby" here to lure Shastri to Washington. "Naturally all these moves are watched with a certain amount of suspicion in Soviet diplomatic circles here," *Blitz's* New Delhi correspondent reported. "In friendly gatherings they don't make any bones about how they were let down by New Delhi when we reopened the Kashmir issue in the wake of the Chinese invasion under the relentless pressure of Averell Harriman and Duncan Sandys. Another such piece of folly is bound to cost India dearly over Kashmir."

What *Blitz*, long notorious for its rabid anti-Americanism, prints about the United States is seldom taken seriously by well-informed Indians, though the weekly is widely read. But it is well placed to know what "Soviet diplomatic circles" are thinking, or at least they want the public to believe they are thinking. *Blitz's* prosperity is based in no small degree on the large number of copies that the Soviet embassy regularly purchases for dispatch to hypothetical readers in the Soviet Union.

Soviet diplomats, like most others, give background briefings to friendly Indian correspondents, pass on an occasional "news tip" as a favor, or simply commit calculated indiscretions at cocktail parties or during


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informal luncheons. Sometimes a knowing smile, a shrug, or a studied silence suffices.

The techniques are classic; the striking things about the way the Soviet diplomats use them in India are, first, the adroitness with which they employ friendly or simply naïve Indian politicians and officials, or "nonaligned" brother diplomats as their transmitters to reach outlets that might be closed to identified Soviet sources; second, the extreme virulence of the innocent-looking little drops of poison that the Soviets thus inject almost imperceptibly into the Indian public mind. For the end product of this subtle intoxication most of the time is an Indian public statement of some kind that distorts western actions, policies, or intentions in such a way as to arouse hostility and distrust in the Indian reader or listener.

The statement may be a vague but venomous news item in the *Patriot* reporting that unspecified Indian circles are worried about a mysterious American, unidentified except as being probably a CIA agent, who has been taking prominent citizens of Calcutta out to lunch and indulging in other anti-Indian activities; it may be an indignant paragraph in a normally pro-western newspaper about the anti-Indian bias of a British correspondent as revealed by dispatches that he never wrote and that his paper did not publish; it may be a senior minister of the Indian government affirming publicly that the United States "had never given up its stand that Kashmir should go to Pakistan," while the Soviet Union had always supported India on the issue." (Information Minister Indira Gandhi, speaking in Barmer on October 20, according to the reputable *Statesman*.)

### Delivering the Goods

Like all good political-warfare strategists, the Soviets know that propaganda and subversion, unsupported by political, economic, or military acts, cannot achieve results of lasting importance. To attain the ultimate objective of isolating India from the West and aligning it with the Soviet bloc, Moscow has to give New Delhi a certain amount of tangible support—beyond whatever support the United States might be willing to accord—in the conflict with Pakistan, a major Indian preoccupation for years which is today, understandably, an Indian obsession. At the same time, the Kremlin strategists, like those in Washington, would like to detach Pakistan from China and in any case to avoid permanently alienating Pakistan.

Moreover—so at least many western Sovietologists believe—the Soviet Union dreads the possibility of serious fighting breaking out again on the subcontinent, dangerously close to its Central Asian frontiers. Certainly to preserve their image as champions of peace the Soviets have to appear sincerely distressed at the possibility of renewed fighting. Finally, in wooing India the Soviet Union must avoid aid commitments that might overtax its own shaky economy.

On the face of things, the Indo-Pakistan conflict seems to confront Soviet policymakers with even tougher problems than those Washington faces. Somehow the Soviets have managed to steer an artful course between the diverse policy reefs in their way and to keep on making real if modest progress toward their seemingly contradictory goals. This may be because they have not become as deeply committed to—or entangled in—the U.N. as we have, and use it for their own carefully planned ends. They voted in the Security Council for the cease-fire, thus getting on the record for peace, but unlike the United States they never ostentatiously suspended military or economic aid to India during the fighting. (How much has actually arrived is the subject of contradictory estimates in different western embassies here, and it is not impossible that Moscow held up or slowed down some deliveries to make India accept the cease-fire.)

A few days after hostilities erupted, the Soviet Union signed an accord to deliver four submarines to the Indian Navy. Whereas the United States has suspended long-term economic aid to both countries—except food or items already in the pipeline—making both feel they are being blackmailed by us, the Soviet Union has continued economic aid to Pakistan as well as to India without offending either side. True, the Soviet aid is still largely on paper, and at most it amounts to only a fraction of the sizable trickle that is still flowing to both countries through the U.S. aid pipeline, but few Indians and no doubt few Pakistanis realize this.

On the broader peace front, Moscow has laid the foundations for an eventual settlement of the India-Pakistan conflict—if any settlement is possible—outside the United Nations and western influence, through the proposal for bilateral talks in Tashkent. Opinion differs as to how seriously the Soviets are really trying to push the idea. In any event the Indian Communist Party official weekly *New Age*, while hailing the heroism of India's soldiers and the justice of the national cause, had recently advocated some Indian initiative for a


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Kashmir setttlement with Pakistan—outside the U.N., of course.

At the same time, by giving Indians the impression that the Soviet Union is solidly supporting them on the Kashmir issue, the Kremlin is constantly stiffening the intransigence of the Indian nationalists of both Right and Left, and thereby contributing to make a permanent settlement of the conflict more remote.

Moscow, while it may not want to see the cold war between India and Pakistan turn hot again, is in no hurry to end it. And if the situation threatens to get out of hand—as it well may—there is always the United States to take the onus for enforcing a new cease-fire on the two belligerents.

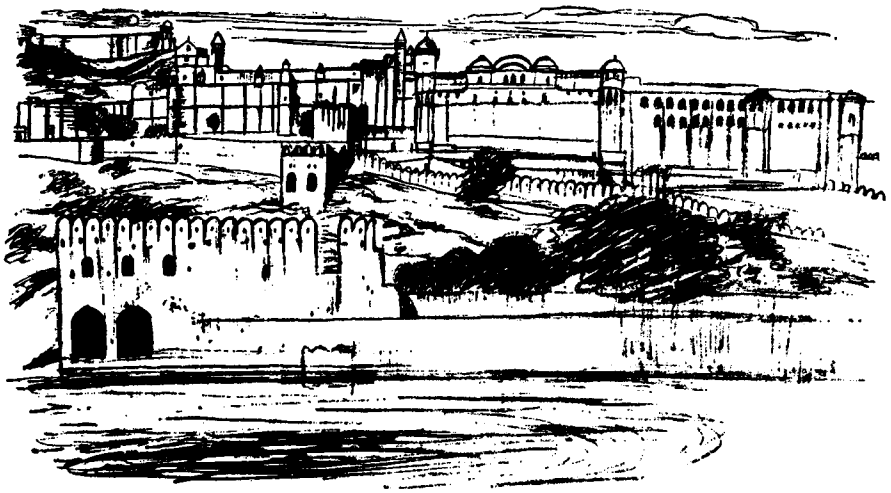
The extent to which even sophisticated Indians are taken in by Soviet cajolery was demonstrated by a noted political commentator who assured me that when Soviet Ambassador I. Benediktov, following his return from sick leave in Moscow, called last month on Prime Minister Shastri, he pledged the Soviet Union's full support to India "in all circumstances." Obviously no ambassador, least of all a Soviet ambassador, is likely to promise full support in all circumstances to anyone, but the fact that such stories are believed by Indians who should know better is significant.

Mere diplomatic and propagandistic sleight of hand could hardly achieve the psychological results that the Soviets are achieving here. They are achieving them mainly because they give the impression that when they are finally obliged by circumstances to take a clear-cut stand it will be on India's side, and they are able to put that impression over because it probably is the truth.

Perhaps the most symbolic as well as effective encouragement that the Soviet Union has yet given to Indian national aspirations was the signing of an accord in New Delhi on October 26 whereby the Soviet government agreed to supply India on economically advantageous terms with two 500-kilowatt radio transmitters. The transmitters will be erected with Soviet technical help as soon as possible on a site already selected in West Bengal. "It gives the Soviet Union special pleasure," said a counselor of the Soviet embassy here, "to know that it will enable the voice of the Indian people to resound still stronger throughout the world." Judging from the proposed site for the new transmitters and their power, western technicians believe that they will be used to project the peaceful voice of India throughout all Southeast Asia; to eastern Tibet, where the main guerrilla activity is going on; and above all to East Pakistan, whose inhabitants are already kept informed by existing Indian facilities about the activities of a somewhat shadowy "East Bengal Revolutionary Council" that is allegedly trying to free the land from the domination of the West Pakistan "warlords."

### The Gray and the Black

The existing Soviet propaganda apparatus in India is formidable both for its size and because of the skill with which it is now being used. The official fortnightly publication *Soviet Land,* distributed by the cultural department of the Soviet embassy, has the largest circulation of any magazine in India—somewhere around half a million. More important, it is published in thirteen Indian languages as well as in English. The Soviets likewise maintain the



equivalent of our USIS libraries throughout India, with varied cultural activities based upon them. There is a vast Soviet student-exchange program, and India is also covered with a network of 172 local branches of the Indo-Soviet Cultural Society, popularly known as Iscus, which is estimated to have some seventeen thousand members.

Altogether, it is estimated that the Soviet Union spends about $10 million a year on propaganda activities in India (as against a U.S. expenditure of $5 million), not counting radio programs from the Soviet Union—which like the Voice of America programs do not have many listeners here—or the more hush-hush varieties of "black" propaganda, but taking into account some semi-clandestine or "gray" operations. The "gray" band of Soviet-manipulated propaganda outlets is unusually large in India, and plays a fairly important role. The daily or weekly papers falling in this category seldom have large circulations—except for *Blitz*—but they are extremely numerous, appearing in many languages and blanketing almost the whole country—more important in India than mass circulation. Often they are organized in chains, thus facilitating centralized control. Many of the papers in question have a largely middle-class readership, and to appeal to it they stress nationalist and anti-western rather than leftist themes.

Soviet funds reach the "gray" press through various indirect means. One of the most frequently employed is simply to give a pro-Soviet or potentially pro-Soviet publication advertisements for the export products of various Soviet-orbit nations, or for their airlines and tourist departments. The ads are generally placed by agencies under camouflaged Soviet control specially set up for this purpose. Another form of help consists in supplying them free editorial copy, written from the desired Soviet slant. The feature agencies specializing in this service are run by Soviet agents but are staffed mainly by unemployed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Indian journalists who are thus drawn into the Soviet net. Some free copy is sent even to theoretically anti-Communist publications and, since it is not always closely scrutinized, may be gratefully accepted.

On occasion the Soviets commission articles on specified subjects directly from Indian writers who then sell them to the editors with whom they normally deal. Some measure of indirect influence is likewise exercised on completely respectable Indian newspapers through clandestine Communist cells among their personnel. For some years, however, the Soviet political-warfare apparatus here has tended to rely largely on Indian agents or sympathizers of various types ultimately controlled from the Soviet embassy rather than by the local party hierarchy.

Most of the numerous front organizations in India are likewise manipulated by direct Soviet agents. Like the Indian Communist Party itself, they suffered a period of dwindling influence owing first to the psychological impact of the Chinese attack on India in 1962, then to the splits provoked by the Sino-Soviet quarrel. Since the conflict with Pakistan became acute last summer, the pro-Soviet front organizations—not the pro-Chinese ones, of course—have regained much of their former influence by participating in the national war effort. Their anti-Chinese and anti-Pakistani zeal has often been impressive, and in this context many Indians have seen their Hate America campaigns as, at worst, merely misguided patriotism.

All in all, while it cannot be proved that Soviet policies in Southern Asia —particularly in India itself—are a graver long-term threat to U.S. national interests than even the Chinese, the possibility seems to deserve more consideration than it has yet had from U.S. policymakers. It would at least help a little if we made it clearer to the Indians that they are mistaken if they assume that we look on the Soviets as allies in Southern Asia. Perhaps one way of driving home the point would be to protest more firmly and often against the most flagrant abuses of India's hospitality and of diplomatic usage committed by Soviet diplomatic personnel here in their attempts to drive a wedge between India and the United States.

# Indonesia's Communists: Down but Not Out

**DENIS WARNER**

DJAKARTA

"DO YOU THINK this means that we can cut our defense expenditure in Malaysia by one single bloody penny?" a British diplomat here asked a gathering of friends as the dust began to settle in Indonesia. With minor qualifications, the reply from his guests was an emphatic and unanimous "No."

In the general exultation that the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI) had sustained its worst reverse since its uprising at Madiun in Java failed in 1948 and that a Peking-inspired strategic master stroke had backfired, this is a salutary and sobering reminder. A non-Communist or even an anti-Communist Indonesia may be not much easier to live with than a pro-Communist one.

To the outside world it may seem a contradiction that Djakarta's billboards should be splashed with new slogans calling for the hanging of the Communist leader, D. N. Aidit, and that the mobs should howl for a break with Communist China, while the NECOLIM (the neo-colonialist, colonialist, and imperialist) West continues to be universally denounced. The truth is that the kernel of xenophobic nationalism remains, even if Sukarno's concept of the New Emerging Forces (NEFOS) has been shaken. As the *Indonesian Herald,* not long ago the voice of the fellow-traveling Foreign Minister, Dr. Subandrio, put it in joining the chorus against Peking, most Indonesians "never thought that a member of NEFOS would ever take the attitude [China] did during the critical moments of our national history." On the one hand there is the outrage over an ideal and an alliance betrayed, and on the other the poison of years of indoctrination, which still runs deep. But deeper yet is the sense of injury and injustice that almost all Indonesians share, a sort of permanent colonial hangover that grew worse when independence also brought economic despair. In this situation, the wonder is not that the coup came within a hairsbreadth of success but that it failed.

The events surrounding the night of September 30 and the murder of the six generals were no mere ripple on the surface of the Indonesian revolution, as President Sukarno now likes to suggest. The coup was not just a bold bid for power by an ambitious junior officer, but the ulti-


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mate post-Sukarno eruption brought on in his own lifetime by Sukarno himself. It was meant to be a turning point in Indonesian history, and so it proved; but the turn has been in a direction quite opposite to that which the President and his backers at home and abroad intended.

SEPTEMBER was a month of growing crisis. The economy had plunged to almost unbelievable depths. In April the rupiah (still officially 45 to the dollar at the basic level) stood at around 5,000 to 1. By September it had stretched to 20,000 to 1. The 10,000-rupiah note, the biggest bill issued, was now worth only fifty cents. With rice priced at 1,400 rupiahs a liter in Djakarta, it was not merely difficult but impossible for anyone to live on salary alone: to be honest was to go hungry.

The situation had perfectly fitted the designs of the Communists, who called for a controlled economy and mass action against what they described as corruptors, crooks, and "capitalist bureaucrats"—their euphemism for the army leaders. President Sukarno wholeheartedly supported their campaign. He was behind the purge of the right wing of the Nationalist Party, and he made his position unequivocally clear at the forty-fifth-anniversary celebrations of the Communist Party in May. "It is not strange at all that I embrace the PKI," he said. "The PKI has all along stood in the forefront of the implementation of the policies of the Indonesian Republic."

For the first time he began to take an interest in the economic situation that his own woeful mismanagement had largely created. His references to the "struggle which will flare up and burn away the luxurious lives of the corruptors and swindlers" provided the climate in which Aidit and other Communist spokesmen, and Subandrio, once the Communist Party's choice to succeed Sukarno, prepared the Indonesian people for the coup.

The record given by Antara, the official news agency, of Dr. Subandrio's public statements during September tells much of the story. On September 2 he declared: "The people must take over the leadership from the corruptors. Power must be in the hands of the people." By September 12 he was prophesying that "The operation against capitalist bureaucrats will be launched soon." On September 25 he proclaimed: "The time has come to exterminate the capitalist bureaucrats." The Communist Youth Front thought so, too. "No one should be shocked," it stated, "if action was taken by the masses to burn the luxurious life of the corruptors and drag them to the gallows, or shoot them in public."

In this land of the shadow play, no one was misled by the use of innuendo. Pressure for a full NASAKOM cabinet giving the Communists greater representation had become all but irresistible, and Vice-Marshal Omar Dani of the air force had welcomed the plan inspired by Peking and approved by Aidit and Sukarno for the introduction of the commissar system and the creation of a people's army. The generals alone chose to resist. As the only remaining roadblock in the path of the revolution, they had to go.

### Plotting the Coup

The implications of the campaign against them did not escape the generals. They had met several times during the year to consider the situation and their role in the post-Sukarno era. Under the circumstances, it was inevitable that these meetings would be reported by Subandrio's Central Intelligence Bureau and perhaps inevitable also that they should be presented as preparation for a coup d'état with the help of the Americans. Educated guesses differ about the effect which such intelligence and the latest reports on the poor state of Sukarno's health had on the timing of the September 30 Movement. Some believe that the fear of parallel developments may have triggered it ahead of schedule. They point to its titular leadership by the unknown Colonel Untung, the failure of the Communist Party to make full use of its vast power, and the hit-or-miss methods by which the assassins attacked their victims. Yet September 30 has a very special place in Communist memories. It is the day set apart to avenge the martyrs who died in the abortive Communist uprising at Madiun at the hands of the Siliwangi Division under General Abdul Haris Nasution, now Defense Minister. As for Untung, he had fought with the Communists at Madiun and was a protégé of Aidit's. With this background, and as a battalion commander in the presidential guard, he was not just an upstart revolutionary but a man ideally placed to co-ordinate the machinery of the first stages of the coup. His forces were adequate for his immediate mission and small enough to minimize the risk of a leak.

There can be no doubt, however, that the September 30 Movement was long in the making, that the butchery of the generals was to be followed by a terrorist campaign directed against all westerners and western-inclined and trained Indonesians, and that in one stroke the Djakarta-Peking axis was to outflank the Americans in Vietnam and the British in Malaysia.

From the looted Communist Party headquarters and the lips of Colonel Untung, who was captured in central Java, has come a mass of evidence. There were short lists of those marked down for immediate liquidation and longer lists of those who were to be dealt with later. In Djakarta, one man who was captured with a hundred hand grenades confessed that they were for use in his own immediate neighborhood. Newspapers published pictures of eye gougers and other instruments of torture confiscated from the Communists, and television viewers were treated to the sight of the dismembered remains of the six generals after the Pemuda Rakjat (Communist Youth) and Gerwani (Communist Women's Organization) had finished with them.

### Death of an Axis

So far, though the evidence of Peking's direct involvement is substantial, it is only circumstantial. Cases of weapons were shipped from China as building equipment for CONEFO, the Conference of the New Emerging Forces which Peking and Djakarta were planning to stage next August as a rival to the United Nations. They were distributed to Communist Youth units secretly training at Halim airbase near Djakarta and elsewhere. These shipments demonstrated Chou En-lai's desire to see the creation and arming of an Indonesian people's army, but did they also indicate prior knowledge of or


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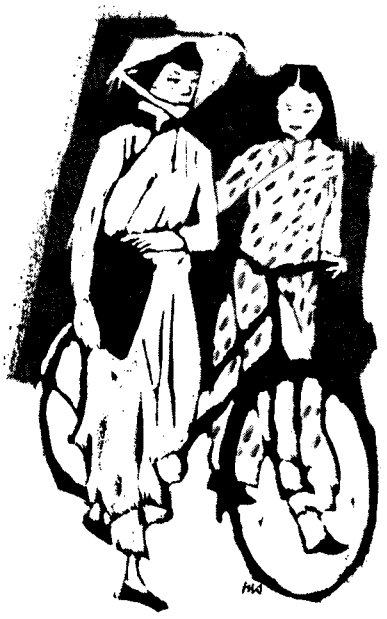
participation in the coup? A former high official told me that he was certain that they did: "Chinese rifles make up the bulk of the captured weapons. The Indonesian Army doesn't have a single Chinese rifle on issue. Why do you think the Chinese invited a hundred Indonesian generals to Peking for the October 1 celebrations there? Only a few accepted, but the faculty and staff of the National War College were there and so were another five or six hundred Indonesians."

The Indonesians in Peking learned of the coup from the Chinese on the afternoon of October 1. The news could have come by radio from Djakarta, but it was odd, some thought later, that the list of "captured" generals included the names of those who were meant to be taken but managed to escape.

Peking has suffered a shattering reverse in the one country where it was least expected. The Chinese have been quick to show their displeasure. Promised shipments of rice and other commodities have not been fulfilled, and aid to Indonesia's fledgling nuclear projects has not been forthcoming. The Chinese—and Sukarno—were conspicuously absent at the state funeral of the murdered generals, and the Chinese embassy refused to fly its flag at half mast during the week of national mourning.

The Indonesians responded in kind. Only the intervention of tanks and troops prevented an angry Muslim mob from attacking the Chinese embassy. Even so, the home of the commercial attaché was not spared the indignity of a search by Indonesian troops. Peking replied with the fury it reserves for former friends and allies. While a Foreign Office spokesman claimed that all of this was nothing more than a friendly misunderstanding and that there would be no change in relationships, it was soon clear that the Djakarta-Peking axis had been killed along with the generals on the morning of October 1. Whether it can be resurrected depends on Sukarno's future role and the strength with which he emerges from the current test of wills in Djakarta. In Indonesia no one should ever try to look far into the future, but it no longer seems incautious to suggest that



the Communization that began six years ago with Sukarno's assumption of full powers is approaching its end. While the army now believes it cannot do without Sukarno as a figurehead—it remains to be seen whether it can also do with him—it seems inconceivable that his position can ever again remotely resemble what it was.

THE EVIDENCE of Sukarno's involvement in the movement is also circumstantial, but much less clear than Peking's. On the night of September 30, he made his final appearance before the coup, speaking for an hour and ten minutes; at one point, he faltered and left the rostrum, apparently in need of medical attention from his Chinese doctors. His speech was too late for the Djakarta press, but next morning the Communist daily, *Harian Rakjat*, did carry a report of an earlier address Sukarno gave before the Indonesian University Students' Organization: "President Sukarno said that some people were revolutionary in the past, but now they are counter-revolutionary. They were generals before but now they are defenders and protectors of counter-revolutionary elements and so we must crush them."

It is impossible to trace the President's movements through the next twenty-four hours of Indonesian history. His own version is that because of the suspicious presence of troops, he left the palace under escort at six on the morning of October 1 and went to the Halim airbase, where he keeps the presidential jet. The airbase is only fifteen miles from Djakarta. In the early morning the roads are relatively free of traffic, but even at peak periods the President and his escort would be able to make the journey in less than an hour. On this occasion it took an unexplained but expedient three and a half hours. Another version suggests that he had arrived at the airbase earlier and was there at the same time that the generals were brought in and murdered.

### The New Scenario

Meanwhile that morning, the assassins of the September 30 Movement, having murdered the generals and captured the radio station, went on the air to announce that it had forestalled a generals' coup. There followed another announcement that a forty-five-man Revolutionary Council had been formed. The lists of members omitted the President's name, but the announcement revealed that he was safe. Then at 9:30 A.M. Air Vice-Marshal Dani issued an order of the day explaining that action had been taken through the night to protect the President from CIA subversion.

Why did the President not add his name to the list of names on the Revolutionary Council? One suggestion is that he was shocked by the fate of his generals, and it is true that murder has never been one of the weapons of his dictatorship. A more cynical observation is that he was much more deeply shocked that Defense Minister Nasution and the commander of the army's strategic reserve, General Suharto, had escaped the net.

In fact, the list appears to have been the first of the smokescreens issued to cover the coup and its leaders. Its intention was only to confuse. Tenth on the list, for example, was Second Deputy Premier Johannes Leimena, who, like Nasution, had escaped in his pajamas when the assassins called at his house in the early hours of the morning of October 1.

Later in the day, with great courage, Leimena, having discovered Sukarno's whereabouts, went to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Halim airbase. He persuaded the President that the coup was broken, and that under no circumstances should he accompany Aidit and Omar Dani, who were preparing to fly to central Java and urging Sukarno to go with them. Sukarno accepted Leimena's advice and went instead to his palace at Bogor, thirty-three miles south of Djakarta. In doing so, he saved the country from almost certain civil war.

Sukarno's unwisest action during this period was to issue a statement, which was published the morning of October 2 in the Antara bulletin and *Harian Rakjat*. In it he announced that he had taken command of the army in his own hands and named General Pranoto, an inept personnel officer, as "caretaker." It was tantamount to an admission that the President knew of the murder of the chief of staff, General Achmad Jani, and of the other generals, and it raised the immediate question of why he did not condemn the September 30 Movement.

The same day, October 2, General Suharto secured Djakarta and the Halim airbase and drove to Bogor for a five-hour conference with the President. Out of this meeting came Sukarno's first brief and somewhat enigmatic taped message which was broadcast soon after midnight on October 3. He said that he was "sound and well" and pleaded for calm. He announced that he had appointed Suharto to restore "security and order," though army leadership was "vested in me." Whether delivered freely or under duress (and only the degree of pressure is really in question), it may be argued that Sukarno's broadcast averted what still could have been civil war, and perhaps even then a Communist take-over. This, it should be noted, is the view not only of anti-Communists but of many Communists and pro-Communists also. One story accepted as fact by responsible Indonesians is that Guntur, Sukarno's son, tore up his father's picture in a rage and that Aidit, who was with him, stamped it into the ground.

With not only his own fate but Indonesia's in the balance, Sukarno had made his choice. Having set the scene for a Communist revolution, he now lent his name to the new scenario in which the smoldering ruin of the Communist headquarters in Djakarta is an appropriate symbol.

The army's continuing need for Sukarno as the figurehead of the Indonesian Republic is now the President's main strength, and it should not be underestimated. There were times after his return from Bogor to Djakarta when it seemed that his charm, his immense powers of persuasion, and his capacity for leadership would prevail once again. This was certainly his intention.

### The Army's Demands

As time passed, however, the army began to show that although it was prepared to concede minor points, there were issues on which it would not compromise. Against bitter presidential protest, it got rid of Omar Dani. It entrusted to the President the search for a "political solution" to the September 30 Movement, while it pressed steadily forward with its own plans for cutting down the PKI. Furthermore, in its measures against the Communists, the army's hand was strengthened by the astonishing force of popular fury against the party. From all quarters demands poured in for its dissolution, along with reports of new burnings and often of new killings.

At first Sukarno proposed that the PKI should merely be purged and reconstituted, an idea that the Soviet Union, seeing the unexpected opportunity to reorient the party in its direction, quickly supported. The army remained adamant: the party had to go. Another scheme envisaged the creation of one great party, embracing all the elements of NASAKOM under the leadership of the ineffectual Nationalist Party leader, Ali Sastraomidjojo. The Nahdatul Ulama (the Muslim Scholars' Party) objected. For fifty years, it said, the Muslims had been trying unsuccessfully to form one united Muslim party, and to talk now of putting Muslims and Communists together in the same party was insane.

Another battle raged over Subandrio. Sukarno declared he would not part with him under any circumstances; the army insisted that he too must go. During the deadlock thousands of leaflets appeared in the Djakarta streets accusing Subandrio of having been the brains behind the September 30 Movement. But as of this writing, Subandrio remains in office.

The tide for the moment is running with the army. The longer-term prospects are less certain. If the PKI has proved something of a paper tiger, grown fat on its three-million membership and incapable of reacting quickly to a major reverse, it is still capable of carrying on a "war of national liberation" in central Java. Just after the coup Jogjakarta fell to the rebel groups, undoubtedly aided by the fact that the Diponegoro Division, which controlled this highly populated and strongly Communist region, was divided in its loyalties. The fighting that continues in that area has spread to other parts of Indonesia. Finally there is the prospect of widespread economic sabotage if the Communists elect to apply pressure through SOBSI, their trade union movement.

In addition, an economic crisis even worse than anything Indonesia has yet experienced lies ahead. KLM received an order to fly in eighteen tons of banknotes from France, but they will disappear like confetti in the inflationary whirlwind that has doubled in velocity from the collapse of commercial life since the coup. The country will need help, but where it can be obtained in the isolation its previous policies have created, and how it can be offered without giving offense, are major problems confronting Indonesia and any would-be friends.

The Malaysian "confrontation" is an article of faith with the army. For a long time to come it is likely to be honored more in the breach than in the observance, but to the fervid nationalists who now control Indonesia the preservation of national honor, or what is interpreted as such, is apt to be the determining consideration.

There are difficult days ahead for Indonesia, and for those who must live with it. But they are nothing compared to what would have been if the September 30 Movement had succeeded, and the Chinese and Indonesian Communists had joined forces to encircle the rest of Southeast Asia in an execution of the plans laid down by Marshall Lin Piao two months ago. The U.S. effort in Vietnam is no longer in danger of being outflanked.


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# Hubert Humphrey's One-Man Constituency

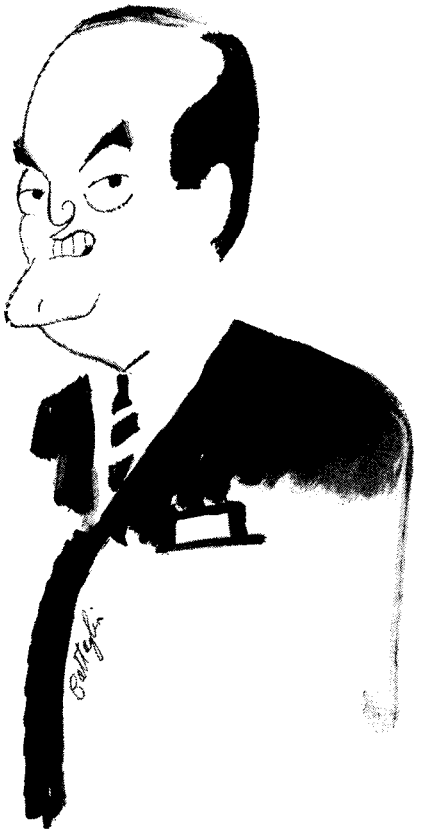
ANDREW J. GLASS

SHORTLY before New York's mayoralty election, Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey dined at the White House along with David Dubinsky, an old friend although no longer a political ally. Dubinsky had taken his Liberal Party out of the Democratic fold this year and led the move to endorse the Republican candidate for mayor, John V. Lindsay. Humphrey had struggled in vain to keep the Liberals from making the move. Finding themselves reunited for a sociable evening at the President's table, Humphrey whispered to Dubinsky: "David, you've forgiven me my mistakes in the past; I'll forgive you this one."

After Dubinsky strayed into Republican territory, Humphrey had entered into a dangerous—and in the light of the election results perhaps mistaken—venture of his own. Using the small amount of initiative Lyndon Johnson grants his Vice-President, though officially he was merely following the President's wishes, he pitched in to relieve the embattled Democratic machines in New York City and Philadelphia. By his intervention, the Vice-President has apparently tarnished what was once an unblemished reputation with the Democratic Party's liberal wing.

Clearly, Humphrey's previous role in the party was a great deal broader than the Goldwater Republicans had pictured it—that of a founding member and former national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action. In his final years in the Senate, Humphrey acted as a bridge between the Senate's restive liberals and its powerful leaders. His Capitol office was the source of many provocative ideas—ranging from Medicare to the Peace Corps—that in due course flourished as administration programs.

These days, Hubert Humphrey's public statements have to be cleared in advance by the White House. And his still plentiful stock of ideas is funneled directly to the President without first being aired in the *Congressional Record*. Most important of all, Humphrey has become, like the President, a "consensus politician." Since he knew what to expect when he went after the Vice-Presidency, he voices no regrets or complaints. As he put it not long



ago, "The politics of the old days—when you pitted one group against another—is out; it's obsolete." Moreover, Humphrey harbors no illusions about the subservience of his role. He says, "I'm No. 2 no matter how you figure it out."

Yet seven years hence when Lyndon Johnson must retire, Humphrey would very much like to emerge as No. 1. His recent political gamble in New York City and Philadelphia bears closely on a long-term—and so far frustrated—resolve to attain the Presidency.

Despite all that has been said on the question, it is by no means certain that President Johnson preferred all along to have Humphrey join him as a running mate. Senator Robert F. Kennedy believes that the President was so totally engrossed in keeping Kennedy off the ticket that he neglected to halt the Humphrey drive. Midway in the convention in Atlantic City, the President, while dropping hints all over the place, had still not committed himself. With those nerve-racking days in mind, Humphrey is apparently striving to deny the President the political option of dumping him as his Vice-President in 1968. If he can be assured of a second term, Humphrey's friends say he feels that 1972 will take care of itself.

Humphrey pursues his objective through an unfailing loyalty to the man who in truth is his only constituent, Lyndon Baines Johnson. Thus, Humphrey's speeches these days regularly begin with such phrases as "The President has rightly said . . ." or "In May, President Johnson asked me to assume responsibility . . ." Humphrey's old liberal friends in the Senate brand this kind of talk "slavish." But the Vice-President rejects "that knee-jerk liberal line." "I hear," Humphrey said on a recent public occasion, "how much I have changed. It's true."

In private, Humphrey can be even more forceful in speaking of his altered circumstances. "Hell, I'm an organization man." And more and more, Humphrey's old followers are accepting his assessment.

### 'A Democrat Without Prefixes'

Humphrey's pre-election visit to Philadelphia offers a good example of the manner in which the Vice-President is striving to broaden his new political base—possibly at the expense of his old one. The Philadelphia excursion, on October 27-28, may in time be even more significant than his better-publicized (and ungratefully received) efforts in New York City on behalf of the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for



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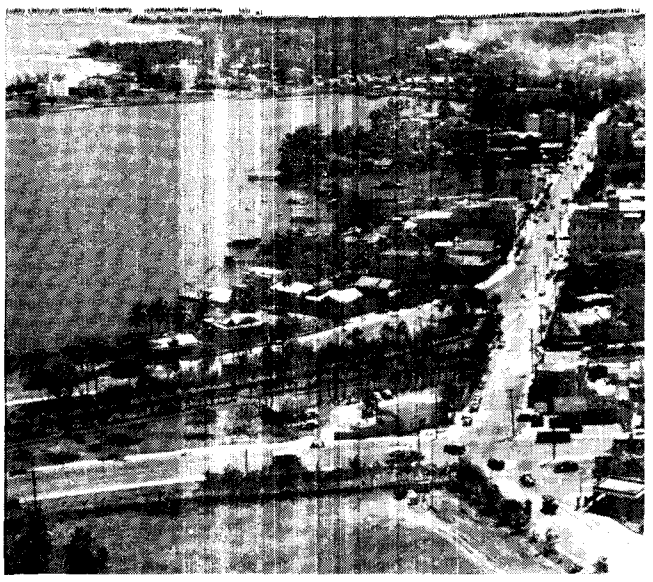

**1948** Condado and Santurce sections of San Juan—a jigsaw of slums, inadequate roads and bad planning.

**1965** The same sections. Notice the modern hotels, offices and highways. Even the waterfront has been filled and trimmed. For details of further developments, see below.

*Progress report to U.S. industry:*

# Look what's happened to San Juan since Puerto Rico became a U.S. Commonwealth

IF YOU haven't been to Puerto Rico in the past few years, you're in for a pleasant surprise the next time you go there.

San Juan is being reborn.

Under the island's Commonwealth status, tourism and industry are growing at a phenomenal rate. And so is Puerto Rico's capital city. Whole sections of San Juan are being leveled, remodeled and rebuilt according to a grand design.

**Hato Rey,** once a congested suburb of aging homes and narrow streets, is turning into the "Wall Street" of the Caribbean. During the next twenty years, over a billion dollars are expected to be invested in construction in this area alone.

**Santurce,** the section at the right in our photographs, will be remodeled with malls, plazas, sidewalk cafés, apartments soaring along canals, and superblocks – self-sustained communities with homes, shops and schools.

**Old San Juan** is not losing its romantic soul in the midst of this progress. On the contrary, the centuries-old town houses of the Conquistadores are carefully being *restored*. Soon the streets of Old San Juan will be a reflection of 18th-century Spain.

**Suburban San Juan** is growing almost as fast as the city itself. Projects such as Levittown de Puerto Rico are providing planned middle-income homes. There are modern shopping centers where you'll find Spanish names alongside of familiar names like Sears, Grand Union and Woolworth's.

Now take another look at the photographs above.

If they show you the kind of thriving progress you would like to be a part of, perhaps you should consider Puerto Rico as a site for your plant.

Over 450 U.S. manufacturers already have plants there.

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*This is one of a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: write for information on productivity, special incentives and profits. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept.C5B,666 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10019.*

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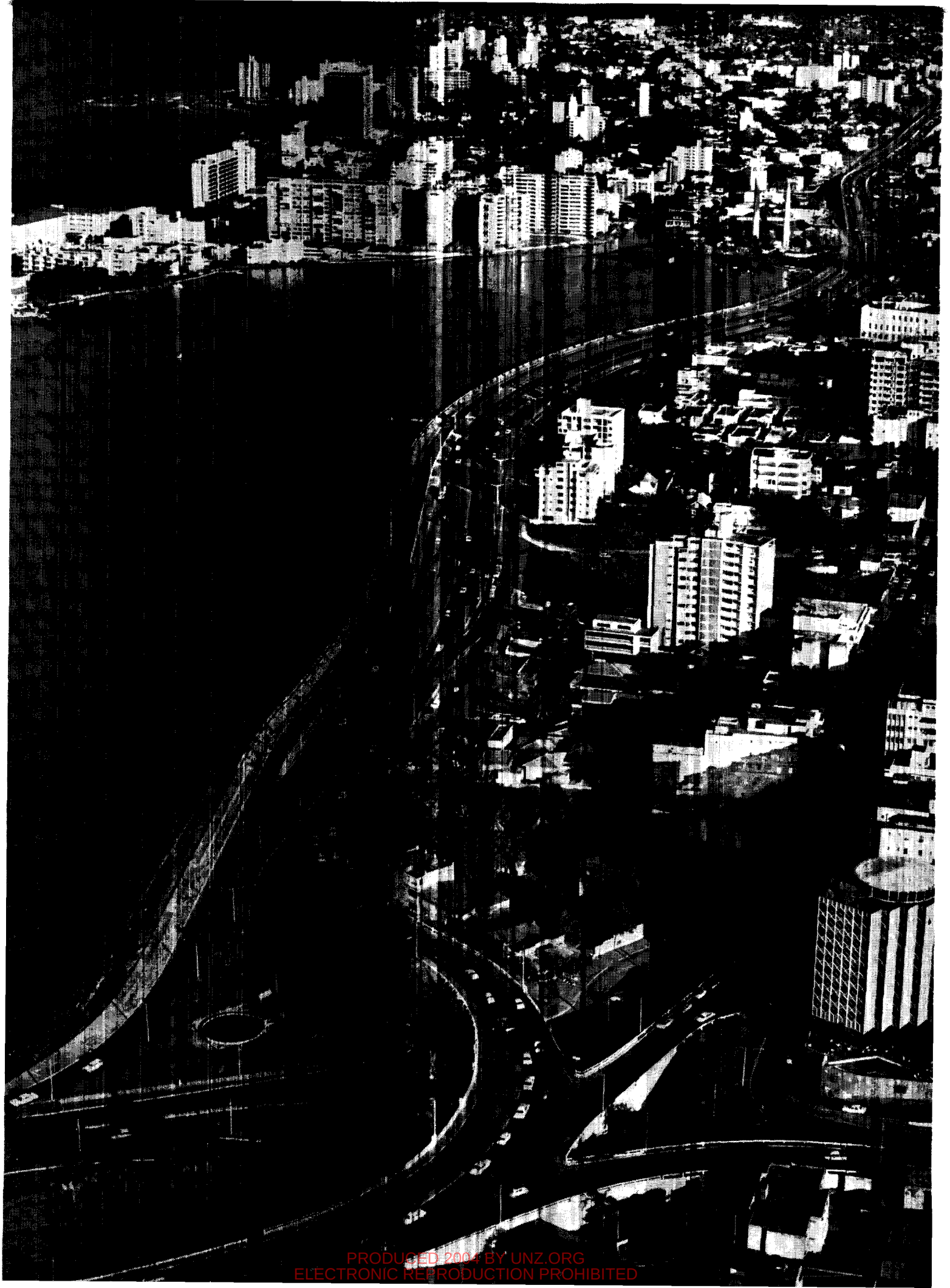

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mayor, Abraham Beame. The Philadelphia Democratic machine, run by the florid-faced Democratic City Chairman, Francis R. ("the Mace") Smith, halted traffic for miles around wherever the Humphrey motorcade traveled. Smith, whom the machine rewards for his efforts—"one way or another," a campaign worker said—also paid the bill for the Vice-Presidential suite in the Bellevue-Stratford. In a return of courtesy, Humphrey helped to raise nearly half a million dollars for the regulars by serving as the featured speaker at a $100-a-plate dinner. Most of the proceeds at the dinner, held in the city's Convention Hall, were earmarked to pay the campaign debts of incumbent District Attorney James C. Crumlish, Jr., an uninspiring product of the Smith machine. On Election Day, Crumlish was defeated by Arlen Specter, a former aide to Crumlish, who defected from the Democrats to become the Republican nominee and thereby won the backing of anti-machine reformers, including the local chapter of the ADA. (Crumlish dubbed his old colleague "Specter the Defector" and "Benedict Arlen.")

IN A SENSE, Humphrey's national political career began in the same Convention Hall when, in 1948, he managed to wedge a liberal civil-rights plank into the Democratic Party platform. The intervention of the Humphrey group led directly to the famed walkout of Southern delegations and the formation of the States Rights (Dixiecrat) Party. This time, no one could possibly have walked out when Humphrey, borrowing a favorite line from the late Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, told the audience, "I'm a Democrat without any prefixes or suffixes," and then went on to say: "If you're a good Democrat, close ranks and defeat the opposition. If you're a good party member, you have an obligation to elect leaders of our party. So get on out and do the job." The Vice-President does not enjoy making this kind of hard-sell speech. He much prefers gentle seduction, a more diffuse technique that he usually reserves for appearances in the Midwest.

Some of Humphrey's oldest backers in Pennsylvania were not on hand at the Convention Hall as the Vice-President embraced Smith and Crumlish for the cameramen. The state's Democratic senator, a former city comptroller and reform mayor of Philadelphia, Joseph S. Clark, spent the evening in Bethlehem and didn't even bother to answer the invitation to the dinner. Humphrey, for his part, had accepted without consulting Clark, although he told him about it afterwards. "Joe said 'Don't go too far with those boys,'" a Humphrey aide recalled, "and the Vice-President didn't."

### Keeping Up with Kennedy

Nonetheless, there were even greater cheers from the assembled Crumlish supporters when the Vice-President heaped Lyndon Johnson's blessings on top of his own. "The President," he said, "brings you his most enthusiastic greetings. He's feeling fine down there at the ranch." This proved too much for the Philadelphia ADA chairman, Henry Sawyer III. He issued a statement asserting that Humphrey had endorsed "an incompetent." The ADA text added, somewhat cryptically, "We had been given to understand that the Vice-President was aware of the deficiencies of the ticket. But we have also been aware that during the past twenty-four hours immense pressures have been brought to bear upon him."

What "immense pressures"? Humphrey maintained that he knew of none. But Humphrey surely did know that just after the assassination of President Kennedy, Philadelphia machine Democrats were already talking of Robert Kennedy for Vice-President. He knew, moreover, that Smith, at the Democratic national convention in 1964, made a futile last-ditch effort to promote Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota for the Vice-Presidency at the precise hour that the Johnson-Humphrey partnership was being formed. Yet Humphrey felt impelled to go on and acquire a sore throat on Smith's behalf. "Smith," Humphrey told a friend, "is the leader here, and he's going to be the leader."

Smith controls the convention delegates. However, there is no reason to suppose that Humphrey's gesture has in any way dissuaded Smith from being a Kennedy man. For that matter, there is little that Humphrey can do to prevent Robert Kennedy from emerging in due course as the leader of the Senate liberals, the position that Humphrey came to occupy in his sixteen years in the Senate. With Congress out of action until January 10, Kennedy is able to tour South America, thus enhancing his reputation as a world statesman. But Humphrey, as Johnson's loyal lieutenant, must remain close at hand, fulfilling, often in committee meetings behind closed doors, Johnson assignments in the field of civil rights, urban development, the budget, the space program, and next year's legislative goals.

On the same day that Humphrey toured Boss Smith's Philadelphia, Kennedy was telling a group of senior citizens in New York City that their Social Security payments ought to be doubled immediately out of general Treasury revenues. This is the kind of program that Humphrey might well have advocated in the Senate. Hearing of the Kennedy proposal, the Vice-President said: "Let him say his piece. But if I had tried that, why, they'd have hung me."

IT IS ALL the more remarkable, then, that Humphrey and Robert Kennedy co-ordinated their recent efforts for the Beame Team without any noticeable friction and that they have recently established an unexpected political and personal rapport. While some liberal Democrats sulk, Humphrey's closest friends, in and out of the administration, are generally agreed that the Vice-President is doing what he has to do in order to prosper politically. They maintain that in striking out along a new path toward the big-city machines, he has done his best to preserve a safe retreat to his former political base. Humphrey thus pointedly refused a request by Beame that he campaign in Manhattan's garment district, the base of Dubinsky and the Liberal Party.

Through it all, Humphrey appears to be taking his fall from grace with his old supporters in stride. "I'm sure," he says mildly, "you'll find some of our old friends on the other side of the fence. They don't have to take orders from me. I don't take orders from them. Let them make their choice. I've made mine."



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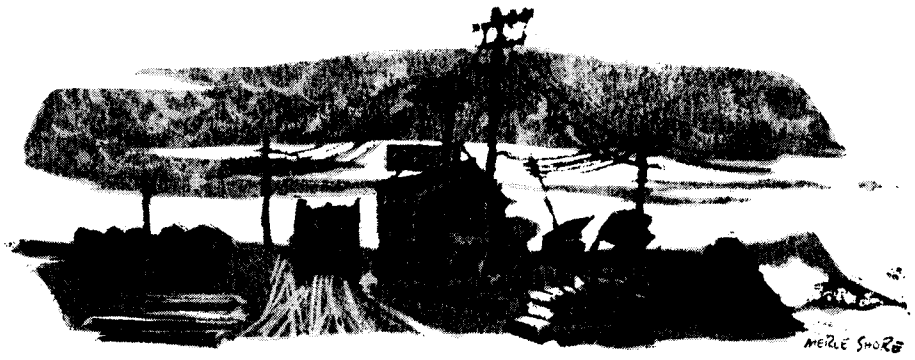

# Labor Drives to Close The South's Open Shop

VERA RONY

"WHAT we have just heard," said the angry congressman from Florida, "is a diatribe against the South, a blanket indictment of Southern employers, and an inflammatory racist statement that is beneath the dignity of this committee."

The speaker was Republican Representative Edward J. Gurney, and the occasion was a September hearing by the House Committee on Education and Labor to determine if it should conduct an investigation of the national labor laws and their administration by the National Labor Relations Board. Significantly, his remark was directed not at an aggressive union witness but at the committee's own chief investigator, Odell Clark. On the basis of an extensive fact-gathering tour, Clark had reported that Southern textile workers—Negroes more than whites—were being harassed, intimidated, and threatened with physical violence by employers determined to thwart their efforts to organize.

Clark's charge, supported by subsequent testimony from union officials, accomplished more than just incurring Gurney's wrath. Its immediate effect was to focus public attention on a relentless multimillion-dollar struggle with as many historic implications for the South as the first Freedom Ride or the march from Selma to Montgomery. Perhaps more, since this campaign concerns black and white, all those of both sexes who work in the mills, factories, stores, and offices in the eleven states of the old Confederacy.

### Fired After Fifty Years

Although this is largely a bloodless conflict, it has had its casualties, among them Jess F. Cudd, who was fired in January, 1964, from his job as a doffer for J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., in Whitmire, South Carolina. When Cudd appeared before the NLRB, the sixty-three-year-old worker told the trial examiner that he had gone to work for Stevens in 1913.

Q. During your fifty years down there, Mr. Cudd, before the union came in, had you ever been written up [reprimanded] for your work?

A. Not as I know of.

Q. Had there ever been any complaint about your work?

A. No, sir.

Cudd, the NLRB concluded, was fired because of his enthusiasm for the Industrial Union Department, AFL-CIO, an aggregate of fifty-six unions, about twenty of which two years ago launched a series of organizing campaigns against Southern industries, including the first labor challenge in a decade of a major textile chain—J. P. Stevens, the second largest producer in the largest open-shop industry in the country.

Beginning in 1955, the Textile Workers Union of America attempted to organize the world's biggest textile complex, Burlington Industries, Inc. According to the man who headed the union operation, Lawrence Rogin, now the AFL-CIO's education director, the Burlington effort was terminated by the union after a bitter campaign marred by racial propaganda, anti-union publicity, and, most telling, large-scale dismissals of workers who, Rogin insists, were pro-union.

Hence, the IUD rejected Burlington as its primary textile target in 1963, and decided to concentrate on Stevens, a company geographically centralized, typical of the industry in terms of wages and working conditions, and financially capable of making dramatic improvements in both. According to *Fortune*, which joined in "the jaunty, brassy celebration" of the firm's 150th birthday in 1963: "In the whole history of U.S. business there has never been anything quite like Stevens. Its uniqueness goes beyond being the world's oldest diversified textile company. Over the century and a half, the management of the firm has passed from father to son in a direct line. . . . Among some one hundred families who started woolen mills in the U.S. in the years 1800 to 1815, the Stevenses are the sole survivors. And generation after generation of Stevenses has shown industry how to survive and prosper by sinuously working around obstacles, by unsentimentally jettisoning outmoded traditions. . . ."

The headquarters of the Stevens empire takes up sixteen stories of a building in New York's garment district. Presiding over its more than sixty mills and some 40,000 workers is Robert T. Stevens, Secretary of the Army early in the Eisenhower administration. He was described in *Fortune* as "a gentlemanly, reserved fellow" whose bitter, bruising experiences in the Army-McCarthy hearings taught him, in his own words, something about "human relations." Among the humans with whom the former Army Secretary has relations, albeit distant, are the 3,000 workers in the five Stevens mills in Roanoke Rapids, a serene, bucolic town (pop. 16,171) in eastern North Carolina.

### An Appalling Callousness

On a chilly day last February, I followed one of the meandering roads leading out of Roanoke Rapids to


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a primitive concrete-block building to meet Jim Pierce, the co-ordinator of the IUD and Textile Workers organizing campaign in the Southeast. Included among Pierce's impressive credentials is the chairmanship of the Texas AFL-CIO's civil-rights committee in 1957, when it issued a pioneering manifesto condemning segregationist unions at a time when the national federation was approaching the issue cautiously.

"This campaign to organize Stevens is a new approach by a new union setup determined to create a new South," Pierce said. "Instead of one union, like the Textile Workers, going in to tackle one plant—and practically inviting the company to shut that plant down, as in the well-known Darlington case in 1956—the IUD is tackling twenty-five of Stevens's forty-odd plants in the Carolinas. As soon as a plant is ready for an election, we send in a group of organizers, each one with a different background and approach, so that we can be sure of getting our message across to every person in the mill—young or old, man or woman, black or white. And speaking of color, our operation is completely integrated—an integrated staff, integrated committees, and integrated meetings. We also have integrated contracts. Promotion according to seniority and ability, period."

Was the IUD sure that it could win with this approach? Were the people of Roanoke Rapids ready for it? Scott Hoyman, a Textile Union veteran who was directing the Roanoke Rapids operation, said grimly: "We're not worried about *our* approach; we've been winning seventy per cent of our elections in the South, which is better than the national average. What we're worried about is Stevens's approach." Hoyman handed me a complaint issued by the NLRB against Stevens early in 1964, citing 153 instances of threats, spying, and intimidation, together with the discharge of fifty-three employees for union activity, twenty of them in Roanoke Rapids.

The NLRB was so concerned about the company's tactics that it appealed to the Federal District Court in Greenville for an injunction against further illegal reprisals by Stevens. Choosing an unusual procedure, Judge Robert Martin announced that he would dispense with witnesses and hear the case on the basis of affidavits alone. He would not change his mind even after the union produced NLRB testimony in which company witnesses flatly contradicted their affidavits, confessing that they had no idea what they had sworn to; the company had simply prepared the statements and said, "Sign here." After a six months' delay, Martin denied the injunction. His decision was ultimately upheld by the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals.

"During the year that the NLRB was investigating, holding hearings, and trying to get injunctions," Hoyman told me, "the company kept firing people, including some who had testified for the NLRB under subpoena. Last October, the board issued another complaint with fifty-four more unfair labor practices and eighteen more union people fired. We'll start hearings on those pretty soon, but what good does that do the people in the mill? They're scared stiff."

Judging from a complaint brief issued by the NLRB's regional office in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, this is hardly surprising: "The union began its campaign . . . about June, 1963, and shortly thereafter [Stevens] began its planned program of extensive . . . interrogations, threats, and harassment and massive discharge of known union adherents. . . . Respondent showed its utter contempt for Labor Board processes. . . . In certain cases, respondent's callousness in ridding itself of union adherents was appalling."

DURING the hectic weeks preceding the March union election in the five Roanoke Rapids mills, the eighteen IUD organizers on loan from their parent unions met frequently in the Rebel Restaurant of the Dixie Motel to compare notes and occasionally receive intelligence reports from millworkers.

"You should have been here back in '63, when I first set up this campaign," said Mrs. Virginia Keyser, who handled the Roanoke operation by herself for the first eight months. "People were interested, they signed cards, they'd talk to you. We had a good committee going in the mill, and *they* did the organizing, which is the way it ought to be. But after the campaign really got rollin' and workers were comin' to union meetings, the company began to knock our people off. Now there's nothin' going for us in the mill. The people are even afraid to talk to us in their own homes."

"Even finding their homes is a problem," added organizer Geneva Barnett. "Most of the mill people have no phones, and they move all the time. But if you want to see what it's like, let's go." After some fruitless doorbell ringing, we finally located Mrs. M. J. But her hospitable smile didn't last beyond the word "union." "Oh, I'm going to vote for y'all—but I can't ask you in. You know how things are now. They'd find out."

We rode around in circles for a while, before locating the home of Mrs. J. T., a trim white cottage in front of which was a motorboat on a trailer. The intelligent-looking, self-contained young woman who appeared at the door was succinct: "Thank you, I am *not* interested."

"Well, you're not getting a very positive picture of our chances, are you?" Mrs. Barnett later told me. "But I'll bet my bottom dollar she's in data processing. The people there think they're a different class from the other workers, and they'd rather die than have anything to do with them."

Mrs. Barnett's hunt-and-peck problem was nothing compared with the swing-shift odyssey of organizer J. D. "Preacher" Goad, who was pursuing a prospect suggested by local Negro leader Jettie Purnell. The mill-village mentality may not have changed much since the advent of the automobile, but its ecology certainly has. Millworkers can live fifteen or twenty miles out of town, and at night, on casually marked country roads, they might as well live on Mars.

A lonely light turned out to be a country store out of Erskine Caldwell; the weary proprietor directed us on our way. "Good, his car is here," Goad whispered. He knocked on the door; a woman's voice answered faintly.

"Is this Mrs. Smith?"

"Ye-e-e-ss."

"Is Mr. Smith here?" (Long pause)

"What do you want?"

"Mr. Jettie Purnell sent me. I'd like to talk to him."


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"Jettie sent you? What do you wanna talk about?"

"I'd like to talk to Mr. Smith about the union." (Another pause)

"Ah'm sorry—Mr. Smith ain't here."

"Do you know when he'll be back? I'll be glad to come back later or tomorrow."

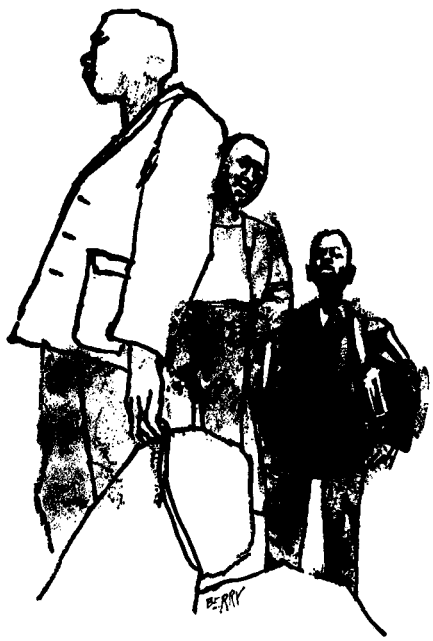
"I got no idea when he'll be back."

About a half an hour later, we located Mr. E. B., a burly Negro who was standing outside his dilapidated shack working on his car engine. Another man was holding a flashlight. Goad again mentioned Purnell's name. Would Mr. B. consider signing a union card? He nodded his head, yes. Then, with pen and card in hand, Mr. B. hesitated. He looked at Goad, he looked at his friend leaning on a fender. "Ah jes' doan know," he said softly. Did he have any questions about the union, was there anything Goad could tell him? "No, no—it's jest—" he made an uncomfortable, worried motion. "Ah better not—ah better not," he muttered, thrusting the pen and card back at Goad. "O.K.," said the Preacher with a sigh. "I'll come back again next week."

AT 6 A.M. the next day, at a leaflet distribution in front of the mill, I met Mrs. Shirley Hobbs, who, after attending some union meetings, had been fired for counting one napkin short in one bundle and three in another bundle out of the 1,060 napkins she inspected every hour. Her foreman told her she was costing the company money. When she found out that two other girls who had also miscounted would not be fired, she slapped the foreman so hard that, in his own words, "I was carrying her fingerprints for hours."

I was curious about the process that had led Mrs. Hobbs, a mother of four, into the union movement. "During the war, Jarman, my husband, was stationed in California, and I worked in a store that had a union, so I know the difference. That's why it's so hard for me to understand the people around here. They see the conditions at the paper mill, where they've got a union—a minimum of $2.15 an hour and a top over $4. At Stevens, a loom fixer, who gets paid the most, makes about $2.38, and there are only four hundred of them. Everybody else makes between $1.38 and $1.75, and that's including the two five per cent raises the company gave after the union campaign started. Jarman was making $1.40. You can't raise four kids on $56 a week, so I was back doing the same thing my mother did—working in the mill. That's the way you're supposed to do around here; work in the mill just like your parents, get paid just about like your parents, and don't complain"—she gave me a little one-sided grin "—just like your parents."

While the textile industry experienced some difficult times in the not so distant past, there is little question about its current ability to pay standard wages. "For the third consecutive year, record sales were achieved," according to the 1964 annual Stevens



stockholders' report, "reaching $684,660,000 compared with $609,408,000 in 1963. . . . As in the case of sales, your Company's net income has more than doubled in the past ten years."

### Bigger Than the Government

Textile wages, of course, are only one way of gauging the working conditions in the mills. "I've been working for Stevens for over forty years," Mrs. R. G. told me. "My daddy helped put the machinery into the Patterson mill in 1908. But it was different in those days. We used to start the spinning, then go out and play jack rock or tag—then we'd go back and work some more. But they don't have any heart for you no more in the mill. You got to rush around all day in that heat and dampness so you'll make your production. It got so bad I took to puttin' a towel around my neck so the sweat wouldn't pour all the way down. And my glasses cloudin' over and I cain't hardly stop to wipe 'em dry."

I asked her husband if many of the workers felt as they did, and if this meant they would vote union. "Oh, lots of 'em would like to better theirself," said Mr. G. "You hear 'em whisperin' here and there, around the water cooler. They're thinkin' about the union all right. But ah don't know. The overseers and all are always hintin' around about how Stevens is a big company and they could just close these here plants like that one they're always showin' the picture of that went union. And you cain't tell 'em nothin' about the government holdin' no secret election. Din't the union say it was against the law for the company to fire those people who worked for the union—and din't the company go and fire 'em anyway? Folks around here ain't so sure what the government's goin' to do, but they're mighty sure what Stevens is goin' to do."

ON MARCH 11, the election was held at Roanoke Rapids; the union lost by 498 votes out of 2,870 validated ballots. Within three months the Textile Workers Union was also defeated in two other mills in Greenville and Piedmont, South Carolina. As Mr. G. had predicted, several union election observers were fired after the ballots were counted. According to Pierce's testimony before the House committee, Stevens has fired 250 workers for union activity since the start of the IUD drive. [In a letter to the committee, the company complained that it had not been given an adequate opportunity to present its case, labeled the union charges "distorted and false," and stressed its "constant efforts" to provide its employees with "steady jobs, good working conditions, and desirable wages and benefits, on a continually rising basis."] Yet, since the union's initial complaint to the NLRB in August, 1963, not a single dischargee has been reinstated or one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unfair labor practice prohibited.

The explanation lies in "the built-in delay factors of Labor Board processes and the problems and weaknesses of the present Labor Relations Act," said Nick Zonarich, the IUD's organizational director. To evaluate the first, one has only to trace the progress of the union's 1963 charges against Stevens through the NLRB labyrinth: The board's regional office investigated, found the company guilty on most counts, and issued a consolidated complaint in January, 1964. Stevens denied guilt and the NLRB trial examiner scheduled hearings in March. The sixty hearing days stretched through September, and the examiner's evaluation of the 12,000-page transcript took ten months. His decision, published this July, has been appealed by Stevens to the full board, which in this case will require at least three or four more months. Meanwhile, hearings have already been held on a second consolidated complaint and scheduled for a third.

"I know the board takes a hell of a long time, but you've got to give both sides the right of appeal, and you've got to give the board time to consider the mass of evidence piled up by an employer like Stevens, who's taken the gloves off," Albert Horn, an IUD attorney, told me. "It would help to give the board more staff so that a trial examiner could have a few assistants and come up with a complex decision in four months instead of ten, but basically you can't cut board time in half without cutting the heart out of due process. No, the key to this thing is to put some teeth into the labor law."

### Giving Them 'But For'

This is the reason that the IUD's Southern organizers have waged their determined campaign to bring the question of Taft-Hartley revision before the House committee. And foremost among their recommendations for reform will be the reinstatement of illegally discharged workers early in the NLRB process, preferably at the time of the regional director's complaint, thus finding the worker innocent until adjudged guilty and safeguarding both his livelihood and the free choice of his fellows. The Stevens case also highlights the need for penalties to be exacted from employers committing unfair labor practices. Under the present law, the employer suffers no penalty regardless of the scope or deliberateness of his violations; he is merely ordered to cease and desist. As Jim Pierce pointed out to the House committee:

"Some people may ask how a company can afford to fire 250 employees for unionism when the law entitles them to reinstatement with back pay. The answer is simple. About one quarter of the dischargees are too intimidated to even present their cases to the Board; another quarter find other jobs or drift away. For the 150 whom the board will finally uphold, back pay will come to about $300,000, whereas a ten-cent-an-hour raise won by the union for all 40,000 Stevens workers would cost the company eight to ten million dollars a year. For a certain kind of employer, that's quite a bargain." When one considers that the entire back-pay restitution is tax-deductible, it is quite probable that Stevens will emerge from the union struggle with a tidy profit.

But the most fundamental remedy proposed by the union forces is the "but for" clause. Under current law, the board can direct the employer to stop harassing union adherents, and it can set aside an election conducted in a coercive atmosphere. But the records show that where an employer has defeated the union by massive reprisals, his workers seldom recover sufficiently to vote for the union in a second election held a short time later. Therefore, under this proposal, where evidence establishes that "but for" the company's illegal behavior the union could have garnered a majority the first time around, the board can declare the plant organized. Obviously an employer faced with such a law might prefer to fight fair and take his chances in the voting booth instead of playing dirty and losing automatically.

### A Peculiar Institution

Sources close to the House Education and Labor Committee insist that the committee will launch a full-scale investigation of the labor law as soon as it resolves the problem of who will chair the hearing. If it does, the testimony would obviously not be restricted to any one region of the country. Nevertheless, such an investigation must ultimately touch upon a fundamental question: Will the open shop succeed slavery and Negro oppression as the "peculiar institution" of the South? For thirty years this region has defied the American pattern of industrial relations in which organized labor plays an integral role. Before the Second World War, when the South was still preponderantly agricultural, this deviation may have been tolerable. But not today, with the South ahead of the nation in the growth of its new plant investment and manufacturing output.

Southern workers, white or Negro, are entitled to the same freedom from anxiety on the job, the same rights of self-determination and free association, the same sense of pride that workers have achieved in the rest of the country. They should also have a similar share in the nation's prosperity. Yet Southern workers in manufacturing last year earned an average of $2.06 per hour compared to the national average of $2.53.

THE election defeats last spring have not altered the IUD's determination to unionize the Roanoke Rapids mills. Although the union appears to have lost its bid to have the NLRB invalidate the results and order new elections, the organizing work continues. If the IUD eventually succeeds in its Southeast campaigns, the repercussions will go beyond the economy and into the political life of the region. Roanoke Rapids is again a good example. This little industrial center bears the political stigmata of a company town. Its state senator is the local lawyer for J. P. Stevens and the paper mill, and a virulent racist. Negroes constitute about one-fifth of the population, yet it was not until this fall that even token integration was accomplished in the schools. The Ku Klux Klan is active and has sent warnings to the IUD and to those local labor leaders who refused Central Labor Council endorsement of the Klan's choice in the last gubernatorial election. "We'll never modernize this town," said one of these union leaders, "until we get some more unions in here to educate the people. Otherwise the mayor and all the rest of them are goin' to keep on playin' the same old game."


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# Federal Birth Control: Progress Without Policy

WADE GREENE

ONLY six years ago, President Eisenhower pronounced an unequivocal Federal policy on birth-control programs: "This government [will not] as long as I am here have a positive political doctrine in its program that has to do with birth control. That's not our business." As just about everybody would have agreed, it was a wise position on what was one of the most explosive political questions then imaginable. Yet today, with little more explicit doctrinal adjustment than President Johnson's vague State of the Union declaration last January that "I will seek new ways to use our knowledge to help deal with the explosion in world population . . . ," the Federal government finds itself unequivocally in the birth-control business.

Eventually, its commitment may well develop into a national policy of birth-control subsidization and persuasion aimed at countering the population explosion at home and abroad. The immediate focus of Federal efforts, however, is that segment of our population in which the lack of birth control has historically been accepted as an inevitable condition of life—the poor.

"If all the poor had the same number of kids as the non-poor," a leading deputy in the Office of Economic Opportunity said recently, "we would have fifteen to twenty per cent of poverty licked right there. Birth control could do more than any other single poverty project." His boss is not quite so enthusiastic. Sargent Shriver, a Catholic father of five, told me recently that he is not convinced birth-control programs for the poor really work. "Besides," he said, clearly uncomfortable with the subject, "I prefer to think about production." Though he said he was personally in favor of family planning, he compared Federal birth-control programs with the Federal farm programs of the mid-1930's that promoted slaughtering of baby pigs. What's more, Mrs. Eunice Shriver, one of nine Kennedy children, extolled the virtues of large families in the June issue of *McCall's*. A top OEO official who resigned recently says, not surprisingly, that he thinks Shriver "has let OEO policy on birth control drift."

YET, if Shriver's own mind is not made up, the drift of the OEO drift is clear. So far, the agency has quietly funded fourteen birth-control programs as community action projects in eleven states; the one state with three birth-control projects under way is the President's. And a good many projects have received local approval and are now under consideration.

Nor is Federal activity limited to the OEO. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which considers birth control in its domain, is fighting to take the lead. On October 12, President Johnson nominated as Assistant Secretary for Health Dr. Philip Randolph Lee, a firm advocate of Federal birth-control efforts who thinks they should be expanded. That they already are being expanded was made clear in September by Mrs. Katherine B. Oettinger, head of the department's Children's Bureau. In a major policy address, she declared that the freedom to limit family size "should be made effective throughout American society." At the same time she pointed out that Federal matching funds are available for "medical services connected with family planning under the public assistance titles of the Social Security Act." She took the opportunity to announce three grants for population studies, a course in family planning for a dozen registered nurses at the New York Medical College, and the appointment of a new Children's Bureau staff member for family-planning research.

The U.S. Public Health Service has also set up a population-control committee, and in June, Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall disclosed that Indians, Eskimos, and Pacific Trust Territory inhabitants would be assured of "birth control information and family planning services comparable to those generally available in other communities throughout the nation."

It is reported that a White House task force has called on all appropriate Federal agencies to submit "imaginative and far-reaching" population-control plans for 1966. (U.S. efforts abroad have been expanding simultaneously. The Agency for International Development, which until this year referred requests for birth-control information and assistance to private organizations, is now willing to handle them itself, and grants funds for training, research, and "institution building" in family planning—though not for contraceptives. AID has been particularly active in this field in Latin America.)

WHILE this flurry of Federal activity so far has been almost exclusively a matter of administrative decision, Congress is also gingerly approaching the matter. The Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee specifically backed OEO-funded birth-control projects in a report accompanying its doubling of OEO's budget last summer. This, while only last year, Representative Phil M. Landrum (D., Georgia), House floor manager of the original OEO bill, answered a fellow congressman's suggestion that poverty funds might be used for birth control with the flat declaration: "There's no possibility the bill would allow any such thing." And in October, a Senate subcommittee witnessed the amazing spectacle of Dr. Jack Lippes, designer of the intrauterine contraceptive known as the Lippes Loop, displaying samples of his plastic loops in a committee room. Lippes, who wore a silver replica of a loop as a tie clip, explained the use and effectiveness of the devices; later Senator Ernest Gruening of Alaska posed for a photograph, jovially holding a string of them at arm's length.

It is the effectiveness as well as the ease and cheapness of application of the pill, and more recently of intrauterine devices, that lies behind the Federal government's very entry into the birth-control business. Not that the government has leaped bold-



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ly into the field, for the way has been paved in recent years by mounting evidence of a change of popular attitude.

Unquestionably, however, the most decisive impetus has come from the growing flexibility of the Catholic Church, which claims some forty-five million members in the United States. In a recent Gallup poll, seventy-eight per cent of Catholics questioned were in favor of making

birth-control services available to anyone wanting them. And there is increasing evidence that Catholics themselves want them as much as anybody. The Catholic clergy itself has split on the issue, with strong liberal support for the pill as well as the rhythm method. Nor is the Pope's stand at the United Nations against artificial birth control seen as the final word against the pill.

Behind all the arguments, there is the assumption that lack of a birth-control program may reinforce poverty, or at least make it far more difficult to fight. "The rich get richer and the poor get children" goes the old saying, and there is no doubt that large families and poverty often run hand in hand. At the extreme boundaries of poverty, the Council of Economic Advisers estimated last year, more than one million American children are being raised in families of six or more children with incomes of less than $2,000. Families with the highest incomes have a little more than two children on the average, those with the lowest between five and six.

By the latest statistics, one of every four children—some fifteen million in all—live in poverty, and the cost of caring for them is immense. The nationwide Aid to Dependent Children program, only part of the public effort to provide for poor children, is estimated to cost more than $1.5 billion this year by the Planned Parenthood-World Population organization.

To make matters worse, there has been, according to the National Academy of Sciences, an increase in "fertility among the more-deprived segments of our population caused partly by earlier marriage and partly by a decline in sterility." The same NAS report contained this dismal observation: "Indeed, the burden of unwanted children among impoverished and uneducated mothers in the United States is much like that experienced by mothers in underdeveloped countries."

That the society as a whole would just as soon not have children produced by parents who cannot provide for them is a familiar if uncharitable reality. But what about the poor themselves? A widely held assumption has been that at best the poor are indifferent to any idea of birth control. But recent surveys show that they would like to have as few children as those who are better off, or even fewer. Of a sampling of women receiving services from public health departments in Florida, for instance, 71.5 per cent said they wanted no more children, and of the 20.4 per cent who said they wanted more, nine out of ten wanted to wait at least two years. In a nationwide survey made in 1960, thirty-two per cent of white couples with wives who had grade-school educations or less said they had unwanted children, and forty-three per cent of the nonwhites in the same category said the same. For all couples surveyed, a full forty-five per cent of those with three or more children said the latest pregnancy was unwanted. While some low-income families totally reject limiting family size—the Children's Bureau is making a study to try to discover why—apparently most poor people would take advantage of birth control if it were simple and cheap enough.

**Models for the Myriads?**

The best evidence lies in the few concerted efforts that have taken place where results are measurable. Chicago is the prime example cited by advocates of family planning. An intensive birth-control program there in slum neighborhoods was accompanied by a twenty-five per cent decline in the birth rate from 1960 to 1964. In Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, welfare officials point out that the number of children on the Aid to Dependent Children rolls has not increased since a birth-control program was started in 1960; the county's total population has risen by about ten thousand a year. In Corpus Christi, Texas, where a Planned Parenthood clinic has been in operation since 1959, the number of births in a charity-hospital clinic has dropped from 2,159 in 1961 to 1,637 last year, and there has been a forty per cent decrease in the number of women seeking treatment for bungled illegal abortions—and the poor there, largely of Latin-American stock, are about ninety per cent Roman Catholic.

Corpus Christi, in fact, is the OEO's model birth-control system, largely because it was the first to be funded. Four one-day-a-week birth-control clinics have been operating on Federal funds since February in the city's "poverty band," which contains about ten thousand families with average incomes of less than $3,000 a year. One doctor and two nurses man the clinics in rotation. The nurses also organize neighborhood kaffeeklatsches. At the clinics, the wives are instructed in the major birth-control methods and encouraged to choose one. "Almost all chose the pills," says a gynecologist



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who gives occasional volunteer service to the clinics. Patients pay a twenty-five-cent registration fee covering an examination that includes a cancer test. Contraceptives are extra if the patient can pay. A month's supply of pills costs $1.50. Only twenty-five per cent say they can afford to pay this much, and costs are waived for the rest.

BUT IF the government is increasingly willing to provide funds for birth control, the OEO also sends a list of firm limitations along with its money, a directive entitled "Policy Regarding Family Planning Activities under Community Action Programs."

The list is, in effect, a catalogue of the still formidable sensitivities which surround the subject, and which are likely to keep the growth of Federal activity restrained and cautious, for the moment at least.

The OEO's first two conditions stipulate that participation in family planning must be "entirely voluntary." No "coercion or compulsion shall be employed," nor can the use of family-planning services "be a prerequisite to receipt of the benefits of . . . any other program. . . ." At issue is the fear on the part of many groups that once birth-control services are established, pressure will grow to make them compulsory for the poor. But the provision is aimed not so much at that eventuality as it is at the uneasiness of minorities about birth control—Negroes in particular.

An extreme expression of this uneasiness was recently phrased at a meeting of the Council of the Philadelphia Anti-Poverty Action Committee. Cecil Moore, president of the local NAACP chapter, condemned a proposed Planned Parenthood educational program for North Philadephia, which is about seventy per cent Negro. He called the proposal "replete with everything to help Negroes commit race suicide." It was tabled. The fact that the South is the area most receptive to birth control tends to support Negro fears that the programs are aimed as much toward eliminating as aiding Negroes. It is true that any effective birth-control program among the poor would indeed restrict Negro growth relative to the general population. The Negro population has been growing far faster than the white in recent years—urban Negro birth rates are forty per cent higher—but if birth control can genuinely help lift Negro families out of poverty, the individual benefits would seem to outweigh any long-run considerations of racial strength.

Still, the fear of coercion lingers, and not only among Negroes. An editorial in the Rosebud, South Dakota, *Sioux Herald* in reaction to Secretary Udall's assurance of birth-control services on reservations was less than enthusiastic. It declared, tongue not completely in cheek: "The Indian Department—which already tells some Indians when to lease their land and spend their money—has apparently decided to tell them when to have marital relations." And the Petersburg, Alaska, *Press* complained that "a birth control pill for the native citizens of Alaska, while a bit novel, won't be anything surprising to the original residents—Indian, Eskimo and Aleut. They've been guinea pigs for just about everything."

### No Sexmobiles!

The OEO rules touch on another point of sensitivity: "The program must provide and make known to each participant the availability of advice and assistance on a variety of family planning methods and techniques sufficient to ensure that persons may obtain benefits from the program which are consistent with personal beliefs." In other words, it must make advice on the rhythm method available for Roman Catholics.

Further down the list is this provision: "No program funds shall be expended for any surgical procedures intended to result in sterilization or to cause abortions." The Association for Voluntary Sterilization has complained vigorously about this. A conference held by the association in October—with, for the first time, the participation of high-ranking public welfare officials from several states—passed a resolution calling on the OEO to change its stand. But to date, the AVS has received only a blandly negative letter from the OEO.

Another OEO rule prohibits giving "contraceptives, contraceptive devices or drugs to unmarried women or married women not living with their husbands." The OEO is evidently avoiding charges that the government is financing immorality. But with illegitimacy rates seven times higher among the poor than among the not so poor, there is a good deal of opposition to the prohibition. A national Planned Parenthood official, however, points out that the rule does not prohibit seeking out or giving examinations and advice to the unmarried. "It's a nuisance," she says, "but it's not really very much of a hindrance. I think the government did it to cover itself."

An unwritten OEO rule is that it will not approve a birth-control program in a community where there is strong opposition to it. Though the Milwaukee anti-poverty committee approved a birth-control project ten months ago, there was heated Catholic opposition to it. Alderman Richard B. Bowakowski stormed: "We will have sexmobiles driving around the streets passing out birth-control information like popcorn," and when Shriver visited the city last spring, pickets greeted him at the airport with signs reading "No Sexmobiles for Milwaukee." There has been no Federally funded birth-control program for Milwaukee.

INDEED, the argument against Federal aid for birth control is far from stilled. Archbishop Patrick O'Boyle of Washington, chairman of the administrative board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has charged that any such aid is "a clear invasion of the sacred right of privacy." But it was just this right that the Supreme Court discovered and invoked in overruling Connecticut's anti-birth-control law. The direction seems to be against the archbishop; advocates of birth control are optimistically pressing for greater extension of government activity.

Even General Eisenhower has come around. "If we now ignore the plight of those unborn generations which, because of our unreadiness to take corrective action in controlling population growth, will be denied any expectation beyond abject poverty and suffering, then history will rightly condemn us," he now says, in a vigorous rejection of a Federal policy that has itself suddenly receded into history.


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# Poland Takes A French Lesson

PHILIPPE BEN

ONE DAY in September the entire Polish Communist hierarchy, from First Secretary Wladyslaw Gomulka on down, assembled at the drab Warsaw airfield to bid godspeed to Premier Józef Cyrankiewicz, who was to embark on an Ilyushin-18 airliner for Paris on the first official visit there of a Communist Polish chief of state. A week later the same group greeted the Premier on his return. Not since Gomulka's first visit to Moscow after his return to power in 1956, when he obtained many Soviet concessions and got the Kremlin's approval of Polish home rule, had any foreign mission been so played up by the Polish press. And none has so stirred the imagination and dreams of the Polish people.

France is the only western government that has long approved the Oder-Neisse Line as Poland's western border—President de Gaulle said in 1959 that German reunification would have to depend on acceptance of existing frontiers. But the Gomulka régime has nevertheless been cool toward de Gaulle. There were two reasons for this attitude. First, despite the wishful thinking of American administrations that poured aid into the country (in the years 1957 to 1964 Poland received $559 million in agricultural commodities on long-term credits), Polish foreign policy has been heavily dependent on Moscow's. And under Khrushchev, the Soviet Union attached little importance to de Gaulle. Second, in the narrow circle of the Polish foreign-policy makers the "American faction" has been predominant, again in imitation of Moscow. After 1956, Polish officials, university professors, writers, and journalists, most of them friendly to the Gomulka régime, had become fascinated with the various possibilities of America's extraordinary generosity.

The "pro-American" faction in the Polish Foreign Office was justified in pointing out that these intensive Polish-American contacts were one-sided, with Poland getting economic and technical aid and giving nothing in return. Though American officials sometimes spoke of "a tacit understanding" under which the extension of personal freedom in Poland was America's reward for all its help, it just wasn't so. The strong position of the Catholic Church in Poland, and the replacement after 1956 of the kolkhozes by individual ownership of most cultivated land, were the results of the inherent weaknesses and failures of the Communist régime and had nothing to do with American economic aid. While American officials spoke more and more of the growth of Polish liberties, as the years passed there were fewer and fewer of them.

### The Road to Paris

The "pro-American" school in Poland never had an influence on the ideological position of the Gomulka régime. On the contrary, uneasy because Poland was the only country within the Soviet bloc to receive a steady flow of American aid, Gomulka and his top lieutenants used every public opportunity to attack the United States, often in terms more violent than those employed by the Russians or the leaders of satellite countries without the slightest hope of help from America. Yet among Polish diplomats a pro-American disposition continued to flourish. This had much to do with the Kennedy administration: rightly or wrongly, Kennedy's Catholicism, his effort to win Polish votes in the 1960 election, and Mrs. Kennedy's Polish brother-in-law all contributed to the feeling in Warsaw that the President of the United States was pro-Polish.

This passive pro-Americanism survived Dallas, but not the first American bombing of North Vietnam. How could Marxists admit a desire for coexistence with imperialists who dared to attack other Marxists? Today, there is no trace of pro-Americanism in the Polish government. And yet the Polish leaders and the masses they rule can no longer agree that "all roads lead to Moscow." They had once hoped for closer ties with Britain under Harold Wilson's leadership. Labour politicians, then in the opposition, had visited Warsaw and readily made statements attacking Bonn and commending the Rapacki Plan for a denuclearized zone in Central Europe. But when Wilson supported U.S. policy in Vietnam and began to improve relations with Bonn, the Polish leaders were outraged. Gomulka was quoted as saying that never again would he shake hands with a Labourite—and in fact he did not receive Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart on an official visit to Warsaw. This left the road to Paris the only remaining avenue to the West. The past attitude of hostility toward de Gaulle made the change-over a delicate operation. But in the end, domestic developments forced the issue of foreign alignments.

Gomulka's health, never good since his years of imprisonment both before the war and from 1949 to 1955, became worse last summer. Many versions of the nature of his illness circulate in Warsaw. According to the most reliable, he suffers from sudden and dangerous changes in blood pressure. One result of his illness has been an intensification of the bitter rivalry among the various factions within the Polish Communist Party, infighting that has now taken on the characteristics of a struggle for succession.

### Backward and Forward

The most important of these factions is the Partisans, whose leaders spent the war years as Communist guerrillas fighting Germans in the forests of Lublin Province. Its leader and probably the most powerful man in Poland today is General Mieczyslaw Moczar, the Minister of Interior. He controls the militia, the secret police (greatly expanded in recent years after its decline in the post-1956 "liberal" period), the voluntary workers' guard, Ormo (some hundred thousand reliable men whose task is to prepare for any emergency, especially the ever-present possibility of anti-government



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riots), the war veterans' organization, and, finally, at least a part of the Polish Army. The Partisans' ideology is a combination of orthodox Communism and Polish chauvinism, with strong anti-Semitic overtones and an anti-intellectual bias. In spite of some seemingly anti-Russian gestures by this group, it is unimaginable that the Polish secret police and intelligence could be headed by men who did not enjoy the full trust of the Soviet security services.

The Partisans are hated and feared by all the other factions in the Polish United Workers (Communist) Party, including the largest bloc, headed by Premier Cyrankiewicz. Its members, most of whom have had a Stalinist past though they have been forced to go along with "liberalization," fear that they will lose their positions if the Partisans succeed Gomulka. They include a number of important government and party bureaucrats, officials of the foreign service, writers, journalists, and intellectuals. The fact that some of them are Jews has introduced a racial element into their struggle with the Partisans.

A third important faction, unfriendly to both of the others, is led by Edward Gierek, a member of the Politburo and the district secretary for Upper Silesia, the coal-mining region where the standard of living is much higher than in the rest of Poland. Gierek is a former Stalinist who worked as a miner in France and Belgium. His outlook is that of a French Communist. His popularity is due in part to the relative prosperity of his district and in part—especially among technicians throughout the country—to his reputation for efficiency. Many Poles consider him the most likely successor to Gomulka.

Gomulka, who still has decisive influence, avoids favoring one side or another. Though there are many indications that he distrusts Moczar, in the prevailing confusion in Poland Moczar controls the only men who know how to assure a minimum of order. Gomulka's relations with the Cyrankiewicz faction are not too friendly either. Gomulka has always distrusted intellectuals, no doubt because of his own working-class background and lack of formal education. Nor can he forget that many of those who now style themselves liberals were furiously denouncing him for his "nationalistic" deviation during his imprisonment in the Stalin era.

Gomulka's tactic toward the feuding factions of his party can be described as "one step forward and one step back." Early last summer he ordered the dissolution as an independent organization of the Internal Security Corps, which for two decades has played the role of the régime's Praetorian Guard. This was clearly a measure intended to curb the power of General Moczar, whose ministry controlled the corps. The liberal faction was jubiliant. For a while it claimed that the downfall of the Partisans was imminent, and that anyhow, without the Security Corps they would be unable to seize power if Gomulka's health should prevent him from continuing in command.

Only a few days later, however, to the great dismay of the liberals and the majority of the people, Gomulka gave Moczar appointees many important posts in the army and the police, and the ex-commander of the dissolved Internal Security Corps, who had played a sinister role in the 1956 Poznan riots, became commander-in-chief of the Polish militia. The net result of all these changes was that the influence of the Partisans was stronger than ever. Today a stalemate prevails, with each faction holding onto its own area of bureaucratic power and none able to displace another.

It was under these conditions—Gomulka's ill-health, an increasingly bitter factional struggle within the party, as well as persistent reports of an impending change in Moscow with the return of unidentified "Stalinists" to power, and finally a deteriorating economic situation and an increasingly urgent need for credit from capitalist countries—that anti-Partisan Polish leaders of various factions began last summer to ponder ways of embarking on the road to Paris. The Cyrankiewicz faction pressed particularly hard for obvious reasons: the Premier was the only serious candidate to make a visit to improve relations with de Gaulle, and presumably it would improve his domestic position.

Paris responded promptly to the new Polish overtures. Whether because of de Gaulle's conception of Europe "from the Atlantic to the Urals" or his anger over Bonn's preference for alignment with Washington over Paris, or both, he is now more interested than ever in strengthening his relations with Eastern Europe, particularly with Poland, a traditional ally of France. In addition, French diplomats saw the Cyrankiewicz visit as a means of bolstering the domestic position of the Polish pro-western faction at the expense of the openly anti-western Partisans.

### The French Copybook

As expected, de Gaulle did not repeat his approval of the Oder-Neisse Line—he is too shrewd for that. He may need better relations with Warsaw in order to obtain leverage on Bonn, but he doesn't want to arouse the Germans. He has not altogether abandoned his hopes of a close Franco-German relationship dominated by Paris. For the Poles, however, his desire to have closer relations with Warsaw in order to be able to play the Polish card from time to time is the first opening on the international arena since 1939. For the first time, the Poles can dream of being active participants in international politics. A Pole who recently arrived at the United Nations told me: "I have spent many years in learning English. I think it will be less useful to me in the coming years. But I have decided to keep up my language studies by reading several hours a day in the French copybook."

This sense or delusion of independence de Gaulle has given the Poles without offering gifts. France will sell Poland surplus wheat and machinery on normal commercial credit terms. A leading French diplomat explained his country's attitude: "We do not make gifts; we do not give grants-in-aid. No self-respecting country should, for there is nothing more stupid than aid without strings. Nobody believes it possible, and it is wrong for a country to give something for nothing. To do so is to become the prisoner of the aid one dispenses."


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# *At the Movies:*

## The Southern Way of Death

MARVIN BARRETT

WHEN THE PROJECT for filming *The Loved One,* Evelyn Waugh's tough, beautifully machined little novel on the weird ways of Hollywood and the mortuary industry, was announced some months back, it seemed an undertaking filled with hope and good omen.

The talents involved were impressive. There was Tony Richardson, the director of the highly successful film version of *Tom Jones.* There was the novelist Christopher Isherwood, an old Hollywood hand who, although he might not contribute a great deal, gave a certain *ton* to the venture. And most promising of all, there was Terry Southern, one of the scenarists of *Dr. Strangelove,* the first genuine 100 per cent American film satire in years. Southern, according to Gore Vidal, a witty writer himself, is "the most profoundly witty writer of our generation."

A Southern cult has found expression in recent years in such divergent places as the *Paris Review,* the *Nation,* the *Realist,* the ladies' fashion and men's girlie magazines. Nelson Algren ranks Southern above James T. Farrell, Saul Bellow, Norman Mailer, William Styron, Nathanael West, and on a level with Nathaniel Hawthorne. *Newsweek,* with an uncharacteristically purple flourish, has declared that Southern's "prose now has a weirdly old-fashioned grace, like antique gold filigree, in which his radical new ideas glow like blood-red stones." The faithful, including such fellow novelists as Irwin Shaw, Henry Green, and V. S. Pritchett, are devout indeed, all the more so, it would seem, since their faith is based on so little.

Southern deserved his points for *Dr. Strangelove,* a movie that pilloried militarists, politicians, scientists, and assorted bigots and fools in high style. His other most conspicuous achievement is a novel, less than 150 pages long, entitled *The Magic Christian,* which appeared at the end of the 1950's and did an effective job of ridiculing the rampant materialism and general triviality of contemporary America.

Otherwise there has been a scattering of essays and short stories of uneven quality, more down than up; a first novel entitled *Flash and Filigree,* no better than its title nor worse than first novels usually are; and *Candy,* a piece of fiction done on commission (in collaboration with another writer) for the Olympia Press in Paris and not acknowledged as Southern's own until some years after its appearance. It has been championed as a work of high comedy and sturdy morality by many (dirty books with literary pretensions are always praised for their "morality" these days) and is Southern's only popular success in print. Still it bears all the hallmarks of hack hard-core pornography, including flat, sloppy writing, a perfunctory plot, and a cast of characters with only one function to perform.

In a small space Southern has proved his ability to draw from his audience painful and therapeutic laughter, and at the same time demonstrated a high rate of artistic fallibility and a frequent lack of "taste" and scruples.

What was it, then, we might ask, in *The Loved One* that encouraged his failings without bringing his talents properly into play? For that is what happened when this generation's profoundest wit met the previous generation's leading satirist.

One problem is that Southern's vision, clear or dim, is hypnotically contemporary. It deals with current idiocies and has no interest, so far as one can determine, in the foibles of even the recent past. So, although he has admitted his fondness for collaboration ("It's the purest form of writing there is"), these are collaborations of the moment and not with an absent genius from an earlier era, who needs a custodian and interpreter rather than a prompter and buddy.

His first mistake, and it would seem an inevitable one, has been to permit, if not encourage, that favorite Hollywood pastime of updating old yarns. In the process, Waugh's point of view, the firm and venerable position from which he delivered his fusillade, has been lost, perhaps intentionally. For Waugh lived in a world where some things were still not permissible, and although he nipped over occasionally into forbidden territory, he was always quick to return. Southern is loose in a world without boundaries and frontiers.

TO ILLUSTRATE: Waugh opens his tale with two British pukka sahibs sitting on a dark bungalow verandah under swaying palms discussing, to the accompaniment of singing frogs and cicadas, the problems of living in a remote and primitive spot, which is revealed, only at the last possible moment, as Hollywood. For this charming conceit the movie version has substituted a young Britisher confronting the brave new world of Southern California in broad daylight in a soulless, aseptic air terminal which, when one thinks about it, could just as well be in London, or for that matter, Karachi or Bombay. And the Britisher, in Waugh's original a talented young poet with erudition and a sense of



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humor at least the equal of the author's own, a decidedly old-fashioned type, has been transformed into what appears to be (thanks to the casting of musical-comedy star Robert Morse in the role) an aging, slightly addled high-school cheer leader. There he stands in cereal-bowl haircut and Ivy League jacket, his expression alternating between elfin leer and phony innocence, telling (accent dubbed) an unsympathetic and crass customs inspector (certainly another supranational type) that he is an A.I.D.—an artificial insemination donor. Thus in the first five minutes we have been brought brutally out of Waugh's world, where the author has complete control of both himself and his material, into Terry Southern's, where he seems to have absolutely none.

There follows a thirty- or forty-minute stretch devoted to the contrast between two supposedly irreconcilable cultures, a contrast that has already been decisively demonstrated no longer to exist and which no amount of Colonel Blimp huffing and puffing by Robert Morley or upper-class British acedia from Sir John Gielgud can effectively re-establish. Young Morse, Sir John's nephew and Southern's surrogate, stands there, the map of middle-class, Middle Western, middlebrow America written all over him, giving it the lie.

SOUTHERN has set himself an insoluble problem, and his response is appropriately neurotic and disconnected, a set of not very funny extraneous gags: a gorilla waiting for a pay phone while reading a racing form; a sequence in a studio commissary with homosexual extras and risqué items on the menu; a body-building salon; a corner office conference in which the smart clichés of "life in the big studio" are mixed in with a few fashionable allusions and impertinences.

Finally, thanks to Sir John's suicide, the film moves on through the gates of Whispering Glades Memorial Park, Waugh's brilliantly realized approximation of Forest Lawn. For a moment it seems possible that the early defeat may be reversed. But after a promising vignette featuring Liberace as a casket salesman, a stunning pan shot through the embalming room where nubile girls in clinging white wistfully attend to the cosmetic needs of an assembly line of corpses, and an amusing piece of business where a chapel is instantaneously converted from use for a wedding to a funeral, the sense of confusion and clutter returns and intensifies.

There is a bacchanal in the casket-display room where a hard-drinking, loud-mouthed group of Air Force brass (where did they suddenly appear from?) are surprised by a bevy of nearly naked girls who pop up from under the lids of the coffins. There are a couple of out-of-bounds episodes portraying the home life of the head mortician, Mr. Joyboy (played with sinister ambivalence by Rod Steiger), who lives with his obscenely fat and gluttonous mother and reinforces his wavering masculinity by lifting barbells. There is

an unambiguous encounter between the hero and a drunken strip teaser in working costume, and a climactic scene in which the heroine (an appropriately marmoreal beauty named Anjanette Comer) confronts the Blessed Reverend Glenworthy, the heartless, lecherous head of the Glades (Jonathan Winters), in his office, where the classic tableaux that ornament the walls come lewdly to life.

None of this was in Waugh and none of it fits the subject at hand. It represents Southern's own preoccupations, his signature, things that have worked for him elsewhere in the past. Fat ladies from *The Magic Christian*. Air Force stupidity and vulgarity from *Strangelove*. Fantastic sex from *Candy*. Here and there, the plagiarism from his own works gets even more specific. A reference to "What's My Disease?," a quiz show he dreamed up for *Flash and Filigree* in 1958; a gag line involving the pronunciation "pree-vert" for "pervert" that got a big laugh for Keenan Wynn in *Dr. Strangelove*.

The film ends appropriately with a monstrously precocious teen-ager directing the launching of the first of a string of missiles that will ultimately send the whole of Whispering Glades into outer space, in "an orbit of eternal grace." Waugh, and all sense of proportion, have long since been left behind.

SINCE the movie's completion, Richardson has been said to have dissociated himself from the venture on the grounds of outside intrusion in the film's final stages. Not, however, Southern. Random House has issued a new Terry Southern book (his first in over six years, it was timed to appear shortly after the movie's release) entitled *The Journal of the Loved One, The Production Log of a Motion Picture* ($2.95 paperback). The sell line on its cover is "What happens when the co-author of CANDY and DR. STRANGELOVE is hired by the director of TOM JONES to collaborate on the script of a motion picture 'based on' a famous novel by EVELYN WAUGH?"

In such a volume, even after seeing the film (or especially after seeing the film), one might hope to read of the horrors perpetrated by those nameless studio functionaries hinted at by Richardson, who, as we all know from earlier works by Lillian Ross and Merle Miller, lie in wait to frustrate creative talents' lofty intentions. In a word, the painfully funny, wittily observed behind-the-scenes story of how the great movie that might have been came to naught through no fault of the author's.

Not at all. The book is even more compromising to Southern than the picture. In it the author shows not the slightest sign of contrition about either.

Whereas the movie errs in the direction of frenzy and hyperactivity (according to Southern, its two hours were agonizingly hewn from an original five, Jayne Mansfield as a "travel receptionist" being one of the casualties), the book is insultingly casual and diffuse. Occasionally, there is a fragment of what might indeed have been an entry in a lackadaisically kept journal. A large part of the space is filled with a transcript of an exploratory conversation in a pet cemetery more amusing than any of


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the dialogue in the segments of the movie for which it was research, and there are several recaps of what the author considers the film's funniest sequences, no less embarrassing on second acquaintance. There are a great many pictures, playfully captioned, that were obviously considered too raw for the nation's theatres but not, apparently, for its bookstores. It makes for a few minutes of indifferent browsing that could have taken the author no more than an idle, distracted afternoon to compile.

Southern does have two complaints, though, about interference with the film as he intended it. One is against the Motion Picture Association of America, which objected to the "portrayal of Christ as a fag or hipster," something that Southern had in mind for the commissary sequence. "Poor tasteless fools," Southern comments. The other is against Robert Morley, who, upon the advice of friends who feared he would tarnish his image, refused to dress up as a transvestite frump for a "gay" bar sequence (subsequently shelved). Furthermore, Morley didn't give the producers enough notice of his insubordination to allow them to fire him and find a replacement. Very unprofessional, Southern says. Otherwise the book amounts to a signed confession of all crimes committed. And yet one has no confidence that they will necessarily be held against him.

TERRY SOUTHERN has obviously become the beneficiary, or victim, depending upon how one looks upon it, of a postwar American phenomenon that might be called the "irreversible reputation." Whatever his failures in the past or his threats for the future, he is held stonily in veneration. His current mistakes are indulged until it is too late to recall them and the line is already formed for the next. Once endorsed, only time and what is known among TV comedians as massive overexposure can free an artist from the body of such a success.

Meanwhile, from being Mr. Sureshot in the dropping of the venal, pretentious, and corrupt, Southern has now begun giving all the signs of becoming a likely target at the other end of his own gallery. He has started to quote from himself, often a sign of failure of artistic nerve. And he seems to take himself dreadfully seriously, or at least not to discourage those around him who do, another symptom of a loosened grip.

Furthermore, Southern's future projects include film versions of *Candy* and *The Magic Christian*, and a novel to be called *Blue Movie*, for which he has received a $35,000 advance (as compared to $350 for *Candy* delivered). It all sounds as though it were bound to get easier and easier and worse and worse. A tightening spiral. Next Southern will begin talking about "crying all the way to the bank."

Satire is a strange thing. You can do everything with it, as Talleyrand said of bayonets, save sit on it.

# Slaughter of the Innocents

**JUDITH CRIST**

"WOULD SHIRLEY TEMPLE make a razzberry at *her* Uncle Max?" This Wortman cartoon caption has always been my epigraph for Hollywood's child-star era—the official "child"-star era, that is—a phenomenon of the 20's and 30's, a token of innocence that will not come again.

The innocence, of course, was on the part of the public, the doting millions who took refuge from the Depression in thrice-weekly trips to the movies, where they could forget their own lives and revel in the sweet and the simple so alien to their daily living. But for the children who served their purpose, it was, with few exceptions, a slaughter of the innocents in the supermarkets known as studios where people were properties and a pound of flesh was the tribute of the day.

We don't like to look at it that way—not where nostalgia burns on behalf of the screen child we loved. Whether we lost a heart long ago to Jackie Coogan in *The Kid*, Jackie Cooper in *The Champ*, Shirley Temple in *Little Miss Marker*, Freddie Bartholomew in *David Copperfield*, or Judy Garland—Judy, Judy, Judy—in *The Wizard of Oz*, we cherish the recall in photo-album fashion, knowing childhood could last for none of us. That Coogan is now the shrill-voiced Uncle Fester of the Addams Family on TV or Jane Withers the lady plumber in a cleanser commercial is the way of the world; only Judy is eternal and Mickey Rooney keeps our expectations high.

The last two are the durables; undoubtedly the most gifted and probably the most scathed of the child-star era, they were not Hollywood creations but performers, caught in filmdom in their childhood and adolescence. As performers of exceptional talent, they are and were exceptions to the rule, exceptions among the eight Norman J. Zierold discusses in his recently published *The Child Stars* (Coward-McCann, $5).

JUDY AND MICKEY are not, however, exceptions to the relatively sordid sociology of what Mr. Zierold labels the "millionaire moppets" of the silver screen. On the contrary, they were typical in their show-business family background, their days of studio servitude, their personal problems created and heightened by the cinema success routine.

However the routine may have varied in detail, there is the similarity of the ambitious mother, the lucky break, the sudden zoom in popularity and income, the mad race to cash in—a race made madder by the child star's suicidal tendency to grow older, bigger, and uncute. Consider Baby Leroy, whose instant stardom came at eight months and whose career ended at three. Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Deanna Durbin—none was immune to a chunky adolescence, and like their male contemporaries they were all ultimately defeated by a war that ended the age of innocence, that made cuteness a near-crime and the Hardy Family strictly for the sticks.

Mr. Zierold appropriately opens his foray into history with "The Trials of Jackie Coogan," starting with the lawsuit that revealed to a naïve public that at twenty-four the



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little boy they had once adored was penniless and that the millions he had made had been largely dissipated in the hands of his mother and stepfather. That the lesson was learned (beyond the institution of legal safeguards for other youngsters) is demonstrated in the later chapter on "What Was Shirley Temple Really Like?" when one sees the comfortable lifetime Miss Temple was assured by the wisdom of her banker-father and family advisers. But family feuds and lawsuits devoured Freddie Bartholomew's earnings; four divorces and five marriages have provided the leitmotif for Mickey Rooney's economic life, and Judy Garland's personal and professional problems have eaten away at her savings and, most important, her soul.

It is to Judy Garland that Mr. Zierold devotes the largest portion of his book—all too obviously because Miss Garland has been in the news more often than the others and recently had her autobiography serialized in a magazine, thereby providing quotes galore and contemporary scandal. Had Mickey Rooney's just-published autobiography been available in time for Mr. Zierold's research, one suspects that there would be a lot more from Mickey's mouth. The author has done his library homework thoroughly; the pity is that he hasn't done his legwork.

Direct conversation with his subjects might have permitted Mr. Zierold to probe below the surface, beyond the secondary-source interviews given over the years, to tabulate and solidify his superficial findings. About his only collative note is that so far there have been twenty-four marriages among the eight child stars he discusses—and all, he notes, still are of remarriageable age.

SUPERFICIAL TOO are his last-chapter speculations on the end of the child-star era—the decline of the studio system that could nurture and develop young talent, the urbanized public's lack of interest in "family" films, the domination of today's audience by teen-agers. The basis, of course, is economics: the enchanting child of one film is the gawky adolescent of the next, with a year or two or three (as in Patty Duke's case) in between. But the fact that not even television has been able to create its irresistible bundle of cuteness is the final comment on our changing taste.

Alas, yes—Andy Hardy has been turned into a Beatle or Frankie Avalon; Deanna Durbin is a sex kitten, a Tuesday Weld. And Mr. Zierold, superficial and scarcely literary though his compendium may be, makes us sigh for that day of innocence when, he reminds us, "on a single morning" Bernarr Macfadden and Thomas Mann "both arrived to pay court" to Shirley Temple.

It was, of course, because she would never make a razzberry at *her* Uncle Max.

# The Cannes Caper

**WILLIAM WISER**

PALAIS DES FESTIVALS, CANNES: A platoon of photographers—camera gear in leather mail bags, pockets sewn into denim shirtsleeves—besieged the solitary Frenchman in charge. They needed printed invitations to tonight's Gala Night, they had to know what time Otto Preminger's plane would arrive at Nice, they *had* to have automobile stickers that said "Film Festival" so they could double-park their Renaults and Citroëns in no-parking zones.

*"Sur la terrasse!"* the Documentation man shouted. "Everybody to the terrace!"

We were hustled into the corridor; the Documentation man was locking the office door. My press pass was locked up in there. Without Documentation (six photographs, seals, stamps, signatures) I didn't exist, but yesterday's secretaries were gone. The Frenchman in the pink sport shirt herded me into the elevator, crushed against lighting apparatus and the shoulder bags of spare film and flashbulbs.

On the terrace we met the Honorary President of the Film Festival, M. André Maurois of l'Académie Française. Next to him stood a humble member of the jury: Mr. Rex Harrison of the Academy Award. Mr. Harrison was being photographed, M. Maurois was not. A reporter asked Rex Harrison if the hat he was wearing was the same hat he wore in *My Fair Lady*. Another asked what his favorite role was.

"As a matter of fact—well, actually—I believe I enjoyed playing Julius Caesar most."

There was a clear-cut opening here for a question or two about Liz and Burton on the *Cleopatra* set, but the reporters had drifted away and the photographers were clicking up new film. One of them had been trying to get a bead on Rex Harrison's profile for the past five minutes and as he was about to snap, another photographer stepped into the firing line. Mr. Harrison graciously suggested that the first man be given a chance.

*"Je m'excuse."* The second photographer quickly stepped back and stepped on my briefcase, which I had carelessly leaned against my leg. I realized, too late, that my sunglasses were in that briefcase.

André Maurois was speaking into a tape recorder. He stood against the low terrace wall: blue suit against Mediterranean blue sky, the collar points of his immaculate white shirt flapping against his pink cheeks in the wind off the Avenue de la Croisette. A frail-looking, distinguished old gentleman, white-haired, white mustache; he stared a camera straight in the lens and spoke his thoughts into the microphone without hesitation, looking like the good and kindly grandfather of us all.

*"Bien sûr,* all art is the making of order out of chaos."

Later in the day, out of the ordered chaos of the newly installed press room, where four teletype machines hummed and thumped electrical impulses to relay the word that John Wayne and Kirk Douglas would not, as expected, arrive on Mr. Preminger's plane, I located yesterday's secretary (lunching on dried figs from her desk drawer) who had promised my credentials for today. She regretted, she offered me a fig—but my press pass would be ready


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tomorrow. Too late to see *In Harm's Way* at tonight's Gala Opening. Tonight I could stand with the hungry mob held back by French riot police, a cast of thousands, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. "But I thought there were going to be parachutists and fireworks," said the lady in front of me, while the beautiful people, black tie and Balmain gowns, paraded before our eyes streaming into the pure white klieg light of the Palais des Festivals.

LITTLE MATTTER that the second photographer had crushed the sunglasses in my briefcase: I would be out of the sun for the next sixteen days. I was at the movies. Twenty-six full-length films were being shown, along with twenty-one short films—all in competition—plus eight special films during the *Semaine de la Critique,* as well as three hundred new releases premiered at every available movie palace in Cannes. Cocktails between films, and press conferences. For six and eight hours every day I watched all forty-seven competing films unreel in a babel of dialogue (seventeen languages), trying to follow the often wayward sagas while matching the French subtitles to the flicker-flack action.

After that I tapered off to two films a day—in spite of press releases, publicity leaflets, and notices posted outside.

OTTO PREMINGER was made up to look like Otto Preminger—a bald, scowling, jowly villain from one of his own productions. He spoke a halting but capable French to the predominantly French press corps. "Why another war film?" someone asked. "Why are the Americans always the good guys?"

He did not look directly at his interrogator, but with one suspicious eyebrow raised he searched out other enemy faces in the crowd: "The Americans are not all good. For instance, one character rapes a young girl." Pause. We followed his reasoning. Rape isn't so good. Outside of being good box office.

The mood in the conference room was sour, but Mr. Preminger maneuvered the questions into more comfortable terrain.

All of the naval battles were filmed on Lake Chapala in Mexico, with model ships *this* long (Preminger stretched out his arms, careful not to knock over the microphones.) At Lake Chapala the waves are *this* high (demonstration), in perfect scale to the model ships. The toy-boat battles took six weeks to film; the U.S. Navy refused to lend Preminger the Pacific Fleet.

Mr. Preminger backed away from the conference table and leaned against a desk—unfortunately against the collapsible panel of the desk, which collapsed. No one smiled. At this moment a pretty young thing made a leggy entrance through the crowd. The journalists turned from Mr. Preminger and the photographers roused themselves. She was Barbara Bouchet, a trainee sex goddess from *In Harm's Way,* the girl who played the Nude in the nude bathing scene.

"Today you see her fully dressed," said Preminger, and a photographer said *"Dommage."*

RANDOM THOUGHTS in a Dark Theatre: In *El Haram* ("The Sin") from the United Arab Republic, a woman is raped in a potato field, gives birth under a tree, alone—but that raw egg she crushes in her hand? symbolic? No, explained the star, Fatem Hamana (no one you would ever expect to find in a potato field), peasant women believe the white of an egg is helpful as a lubricant during birth. . . . May the Great Director watch over little boys, natural actors—like the Bulgarian lads in *Midi Torride*—and keep them out of the hands of J. A. Bardem, who grossly misdirects Didier Haudepin in *Les Pianos Mécaniques,* and the Swedish Arne Sucksdorff, who overdirects three boys from the slums of Rio in *Chez Moi à Copacabana.* . . . A Greek film but nothing from Turkey; a film from the United Arab Republic but Israel abstained; Communist China withdrew a full-length entry at the last moment. . . . Sweden doesn't shock us any more: the man in the seat next to mine yawned and dozed through the adulteries of *Alskande Par* (*Les Amoureux*), and not a gasp from anyone when the cynical nurse drops a bloody foetus into a disposal can. . . . But Brazil's *Night Games* might raise a few eyebrows even at a Members Only smoker. . . . I wondered how the field of pink and white carnations banked against the stage would survive two and a half weeks under artificial light, in the air-conditioned air.

I LIVED a mile above Monte Carlo, and climbing up there nightly after commuting from Cannes turned out to be breathless sweaty work. I began to stay at an inexpensive hotel in Cannes: the Petit Paris, where I was always given the same room, No. 7—as clean and sterile as a dentist's office. Next door in No. 6 lived a full-time whistler who provided uninterrupted whistling Muzak from hit films of the fifties. He was doing a lot of work on *The Third Man* theme and the theme from *Moulin Rouge.* Nights when I lay awake trying to read the brochures that had accumulated in my briefcase, the paragraphs from Hollywood sprinkled with the word "fabulous," I could hear the whistler whistling in the W.C. down the hall. His shoes thumped to the floor, and he was still whistling as he climbed into bed. I later found out the whistler was a lady.

In Cannes, the Avenue de la Croisette is the main thoroughfare and seaside drive: a center line of palm trees divides the traffic lanes, a promenade of cement *rosé* along the beach instead of boardwalk. La Croisette is the sound stage for the Film Festival, running from the Municipal Casino and its restaurant Les Ambassadeurs where Jury luncheons are held, past the Palais des Festivals where the films are shown, to the Reserve Miramar Hotel. The big movie names were at the Carleton, a Bemelmans birthday cake left over from *Tender Is The Night,* and lesser names stayed at the Martinez, the Gonnet et Reine, and the Grand.

Mornings there was always a kind of slow-motion revolving-door action in the lobby of the Carleton Hotel. A producer checking his wristwatch with the lobby clock: "Bought the screen rights when the book was still only in galley. It's terrific, and we already got two-thirds of the money." Two women heel-clicking to a coiffure appointment: "They won't be friends, they all think I'm trying to take their husbands away but all I want is to


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be friends." A big man coming off the elevator with his arm around a little man: "I'm getting you a seat just two rows back of Ursula Andress. Think of me when you sit comfortable."

I stood under the marquee of the Palais des Festivals in a rainstorm, watching the poster 50 GOLDEN YEARS OF TECHNICOLOR glisten wetly and start to peel in the rain, then dashed for lunch with a thick copy of *Variety* over my head. Overheard over a *sandwich jambon*:

"It's all these war films. Every film is a war film."

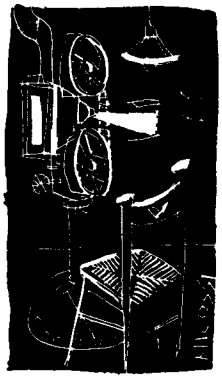
"Brigitte Bardot was discovered here, you know," said an old man.

"I was *in* the war," said the bartender, "and I don't want to see any movies about it."

WHEN the rain blew out to sea and Cannes turned Eastmancolor again, I took the bartender's advice and strolled La Croisette instead of watching a hundred thousand movie extras die in the mud of another war film. Two U.S. Navy ships were anchored out in the channel; the liberty sections of both crews already ashore in dress whites, along with squads of Marines in olive drab —quite enough military for one diamond-pure afternoon after rain, and these warriors carried box cameras instead of hand grenades.

And the girls were here, everywhere, in strength and outnumbering even the Navy. Two pouting angels in batik-print slacks with flounced bell bottoms (chic this year) walked ahead of me, flower petals blowing backward in their wake; they plucked at daisies, reciting the French version of loves-me, loves-me-not: *"Il m'aime, à la folie."* The Beats, too, were here—down at the public beach off the Esplanade des Alliés—the girls wearing men's shirts tucked into their jeans, and the boys with dust in their beards from the long hike from Marseilles. The girls kicked off their sandals and the boys climbed out of their weary shoulder packs with miniature American flags sewn into the canvas; then they all bedded down in sand trenches curled together like children, to sleep and maybe save the price of a hotel.

In a remote corner of the final stretch of beach I looked lovingly down upon a star-shaped cluster of five girls circled into five wheel spokes around the hub of a blaring transistor radio. One of the girls looked up at me—was she smiling? a foreign starlet hiding disguised behind those dark glasses? No, the trouble was I had leaned too far over the sea wall to look, and the



ice-cream cone in my hand had leaked three dots of vanilla across her lovely sun-browned back.

I took late supper at a small restaurant called Le Rallye on the Rue Florian, just behind the Palais des Festivals. The dining room was almost empty at that hour—all the world was waiting on the Palais steps to watch tonight's *vedettes* step out of their limousines. Only one other table was occupied: two Marines sitting opposite two sun-flushed blonde and pretty girls. The four had finished eating and now they were dreamily at ease over a liter of wine. I could not hear them speak from where I sat, but sometimes a soft whispered sound carried across the room. After the last lingering sip of wine one of the Marines signaled for the check. He was about to pay when the girl across from him touched his hand and asked—but I could not hear—to see the check. She went over the bill item by item to make certain the sums were correct. Then she gave it back to him and smiled and nodded yes.

THE NAVY was gone; the ships had sailed at dawn, while I still slept. Mr. Rex Harrison had notified the crew of his yacht to be ready to get under way for Portofino: the voting of the Jury was almost completed. Tonight Miss Carroll Baker, dressed in one of the publicized gowns from her *suggestive et inhabituelle* wardrobe (the one designed to display her breasts under gauze), would distribute the awards at Les Ambassadeurs.

I happened to be in the press room checking the bulletin board (WANTED: Ride to Paris. Share Expenses. *GOOD DRIVER!*) when the award-winning films were announced. A sad-faced official read the list in a monotonous voice: "Palme d'Or to *The Knack,* Great Britain, for its mumble mumble mumble; Prix Spécial du Jury to *Kwaidan,* Japan, for its mumble mumble mumble. . . ." As soon as he finished reading, the newspapermen—under pressure of deadlines—made a dash for the teletype desk and the telephone booths. I was under no pressure. I had time enough to check out of my hotel, pick up a new pair of sunglasses at Monoprix, and still catch the 6:25 out of Cannes.

From the train window I gazed out upon the Panavision panorama of open beach at Golfe-Juan, Cagnes-sur-Mer in Dufy watercolor, and the open windows of mustard-colored apartment houses in the backwash of Nice. At Nice a young girl, American, slid open the compartment door. I helped her drag in a giant suitcase, the largest suitcase I have ever seen.

I juggled it up onto one of the seats. Just before the train started a man opened the compartment door and asked in Italian if he might take one of the seats; I said yes, and he sat down next to me.

I glanced at a section in the last day's Festival Bulletin: "—if Art exists in the cinema it is purely accidental. Above all else the cinema is a great popular distraction."

The girl was telling me about Nice. There was tar on the beach, she could eat great meals for only eighty cents in francs. She asked me where I was coming from and I said Cannes, the Film Festival. "Oh, yes." She had read something about it somewhere. "Who all was there?"

I named names and spitefully informed her that Sean Connery's hair was a lot thinner than she would have imagined from seeing him play James Bond.

"They all probably wear wigs," she said.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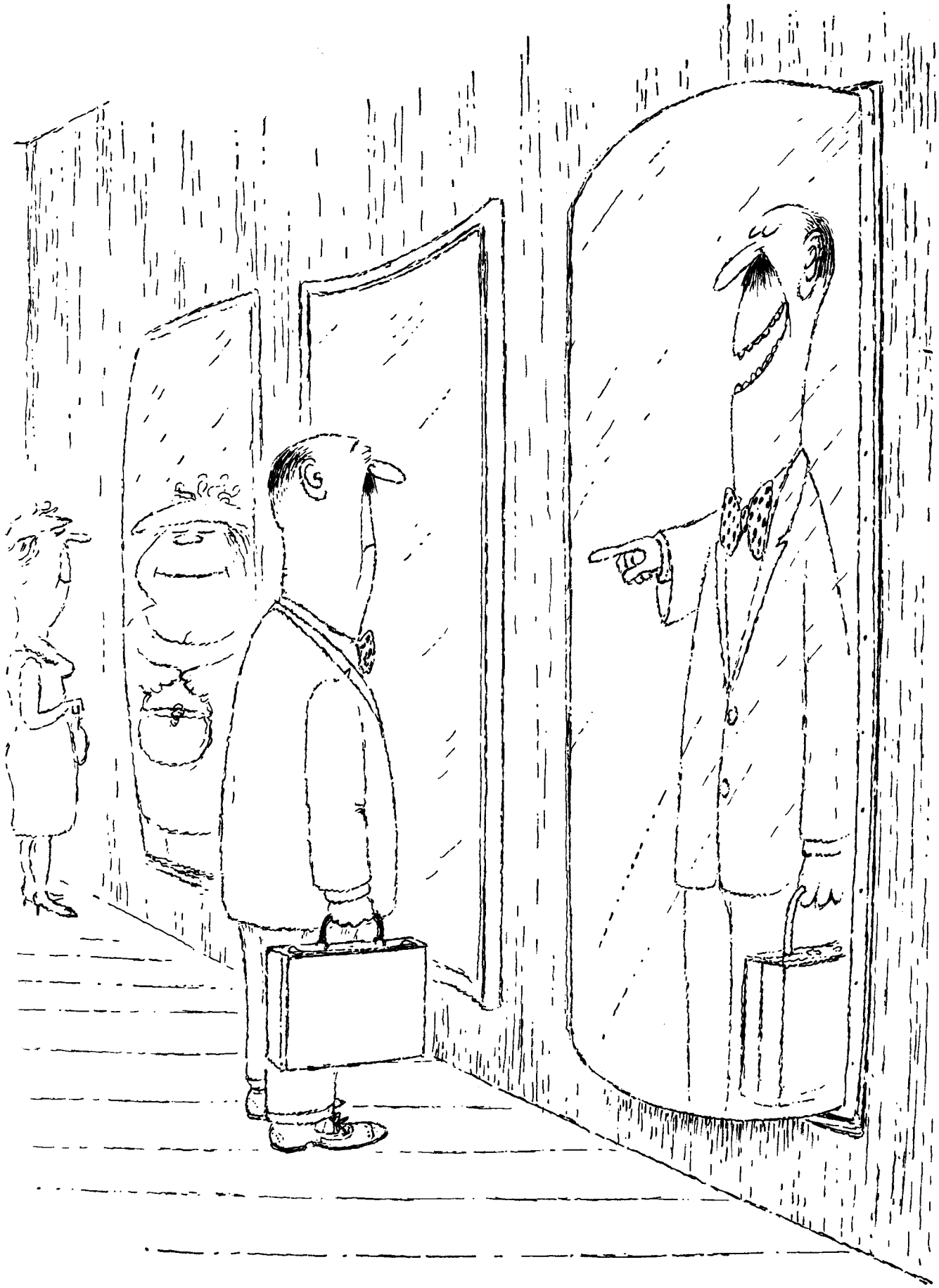

By Fernando Krahn

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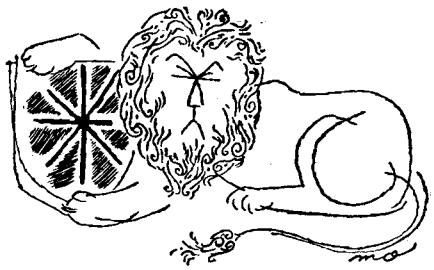

# *Redcoats on Broadway:*

## The Whites of Their Eyes

ERIK WENSBERG

To live under the occupation of foreign troops, never a longed-for condition, has throughout history had its possibilities of benefit and certainly its unwritten conventions and codes: with some *sotto voce* and judicious candor, the natives and the ruling forces reach little understandings on at least the prosaic questions of day-to-day living—but this after a period of uneasy sorting out, unmeant rebuffs, and mistaking of each other's language.

If Broadway, then, is to gain at all from its present occupation by the British—a largely peaceful bondage of some three years' standing into which it was led chiefly by David Merrick—if it is to endure these prancing hordes of *Olivers* and Oliviers that are pouring through its gates, Broadway and its reviewers will have to learn to see the invaders as they are. It must look behind some slogans and try to distinguish between battle dress and the merely man-size creatures inside.

Not that many people were taken in by Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr. Sloane,* which came with the flashing insignia unfurled of the London drama critics' award for the best British play of 1964. It was reviewed here unfavorably, by and large, and closed in less than two weeks. The unnecessary difficulty arose when word got about before the opening that *Mr. Sloane* was a "black comedy." This phrase, not only fashionable in Britain but now hopelessly habitual, was bound to obscure the nature of the play.

I suggest that we boldly tell the British that there is no such thing as "black comedy" and see what happens. (What ought to happen is that our side will be told that there is no such thing as "the theatre of the absurd"—another blanket to smother distinctions and to blur meanings.) Apparently the common denominator of what are called "black comedies" is that events like murder, rape, physical disablement, and unorthodox sexual behavior are treated with indifference, impoliteness, or laughter by the playwright and the actors: a flimsy sort of description for a style or school of dramaturgy. The curious verdict on *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* turned out to be that it was a very *unpleasant* black comedy, and that it wasn't awfully funny.

Unpleasant it was, but not necessarily because we were witnessing the multiple sexual uses to which a glaze-eyed, self-absorbed, and knuckle-headed young drifter is put by a genteel, middle-aged frump and her oily homosexual brother; not even necessarily because we see the old father of the latter two stomped to death by the drifter for threatening to expose his part in a crime of a few years before; nor even yet because the punk is finally blackmailed into an indefinite term of companionship with both brother and sister as a result of the murder, which the bereaved have thereby turned to good use.

Granted that this is not the old *Bitter Sweet,* or even *Berkeley Square, Mr. Sloane* was unpleasant because it was thin, derivative, and pretentious, its broad theatrical fabric the worn stuff of *Uncle Harry* and *Night Must Fall,* dyed and tarted up with a gloss of mannerly cliché in the dialogue—funny when used by a genuinely original modern playwright like N. F. Simpson; shrill and wearying in the hands of Joe Orton.

The unpleasant pretentiousness was signaled by the set, the inside of a shabby-cozy parlor surrounded on the outside by foothills of junk—tires, fenders, bicycles, bedsteads—ostensibly because the house was the only one standing on an abandoned building site let go for a dump. But the cheap metaphor of the universal modern wasteland was what we were really meant to see; the pat assertion carried its own kind of vulgarity.

Some such meaning lurks in the play itself, pointed up by Alan Schneider's direction. It begins with the premise that Kath and Ed, the sister and brother, are morally no more perfectible than Mr. Sloane, though hugely more genteel; it is faintly suggested that they are in fact inspired—and protected—by his utterly candid im- and a-morality. At several crucial points, Sloane flatly proclaims his own cowardice, grossness, and brutality with a candor that permits his hosts to surge forward to catch up with him—without breaking stride, without confessing themselves. In short, another case against our old friend, middle-class hypocrisy, has been lost on thin and trumped-up evidence.

Tiresome as it was, *Mr. Sloane* left behind it only the mystery of why it wasn't worse, and the commonest reason given was that the acting was good. Here is another point we have got to get settled with the British. The standard of work among American actors being what it is, the sheer craft and professionalism of English actors inspires something like a primitive fear in American audiences. It has become as difficult for an English actor to get a bad notice here as, say, it is for him to do an American accent properly. As if sensing our quavering servility, Sheila Hancock, as Kath, delivered a tour de force in an ordinary role, just because she could. But it is probably not a good idea to play a part made familiar in a thousand films—the ungirdled dimwit with her airs—using a technique and

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# THE REPORTER Puzzle

## Acrostickler® No. 135

**by HENRY ALLEN**

DIRECTIONS

*1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.*
*2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.*
*3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person:* the Acrostician.

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A
152 69 23 189 2 217 "And the band plays the polka while she____." "____- ____ Polka."

B
88 51 83 99 168 58 155 30 48 18 Causing loss of sensory perception.

C
16 35 60 148 74 105 164 221 173 91 67
210 127 One of the areas in which the Acrostician achieved prominence (7,6).

D
28 121 71 108 11 37 208 203 194 55 119 81 Famous New York edifice that began its last season recently.

E
180 5 161 41 185 118 182 25 "His_____ hose well sav'd a world too wide / For his shrunk shank." Shakespeare, "As You Like It."

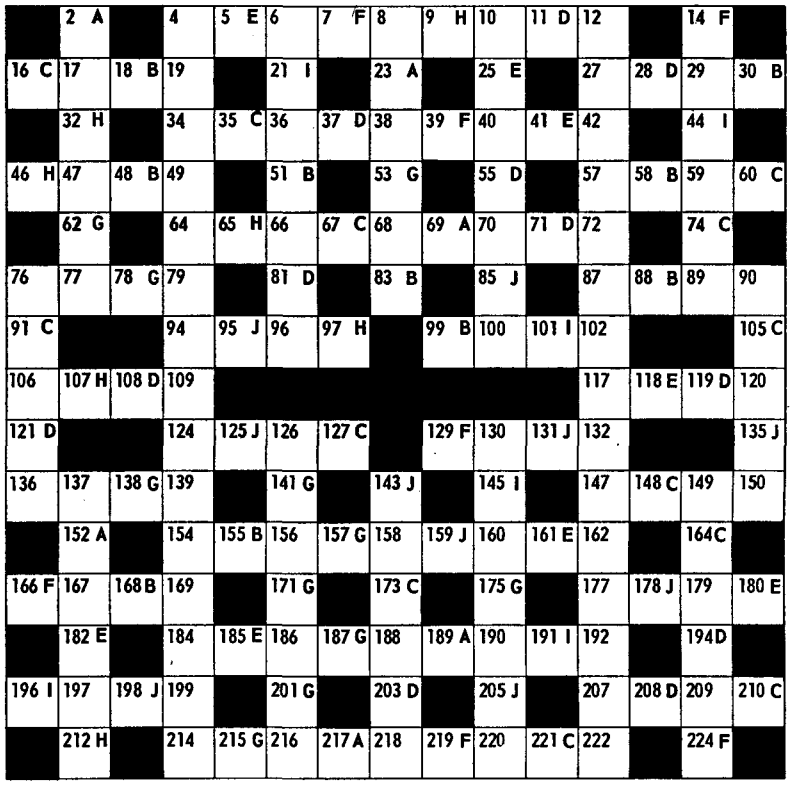
F
7 166 14 129 39 219 224 Wets a bit.

G
175 138 141 215 187 78 157 53 62 201 171 A resident of the oldest capital city in the United States.

H
32 97 9 212 107 65 46 Tradesmen.

I
21 196 44 101 145 191 Exempt from; insensitive to.

J
143 205 125 198 85 178 131 159 135 95 "Send thee help from the sanctuary: and ____ thee out of Sion." Book of Common Prayer.



ACROSS

4. Starring vehicle of the Acrostician (6,3).
16. This mineral is translucent and magical without any slangy girl.
27. Take it with me and now sent it out.
34. Steam plum and get de luxe flesh of crabs (4,5).
46. You can make unclean the arable earth.
57. The thing before you hits the spot.
64. Get your bearings and find tea in the East.
76. Something for Cerberus can be something to wash with (1,3).
87. You could break out in one and be called overventuresome.
94. Living American playwright in the living English theater.
99. Attach a boss to the poker.
106. Arrived in the world in a taxi cab or nursery home.
117. Way off in an affair with not a doubt about it.
124. Why a rag has a tattle-tale color.
129. Why a tip brings compassion.
136. A wedding band makes the sound of a door bell.
147. The country is back before noon.
154. Heft a hull. It's salubrious to do so.
166. About in Quiller-Couch's last observation (2,2).
177. Why lug about something described as uncomely?
184. The napery and sheets belonging to a vessel of the Spanish Line, not running to S. America.
196. Let me introduce you to a match.
207. She's a gal of proper code!
214. An Englishman in Scotland gives each ass the poles.

DOWN

2. Turning points to VIP's.
4. Football nickname of Pogo's things gall another way (9,6).
6. Depicting in drawings or paintings was no good in 1049.
8. Judge's raiment has become mine at last.
10. An inhabitant of the western U.S.S.R. and a worker are noisy and coarse.
12. The meal before last night's dinner was for Tuesday's lynchers (10,5).
14. Those who ape others are led by operatic heroine.
76. The bream is a fish, but it's not this color.
90. An Eastern feature needed for the Army man without my tan.
126. As one follows Anna, so he follows falsehood.
130. This royal lady is mostly very young.
137. Doled out and is brought to court.
143. Tennis great who tells nothing.
149. Friends unquestionably; that is to say, all plural.

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force required for Brecht's Mother Courage.

To conclude: in the course of the English bondage we may learn much of value from Pinter's ingenuity, Osborne's passion, Simpson's wit, and Joan Littlewood's spirit. But we are not to be had, comrades, for just anything at all, and their terms are not necessarily ours.

# Suspension of Belief

**ANTHONY WEST**

THE ODDITIES of *The Right Honourable Gentleman* as a play become manifest early in its first scene, in which William Roerick, looking remarkably like Joseph Chamberlain, tells Charles Gray, who doesn't in the least resemble Sir Charles Dilke, that Gladstone has chosen Dilke to be his successor as the leader of the Liberal Party. There is no harm in this, but there is not much good either, no more than there would be in depicting Senator Javits in the act of telling John Lindsay that he was Barry Goldwater's choice for the Republican leadership. Scenes in which real people are shown saying things untrue to the record militate against one's giving the plays in which they appear serious consideration. The exchange in question puts out of bounds any effective relationship between the characters Roerick and Gray are playing and the Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke of what may be called real life. This is awkward, since it is on its relationship to real life that the piece's claim to attention depends.

The particular point at issue is what was going on in the head of a certain Mrs. Donald Crawford in 1885 when she told her husband that she had committed adultery with Sir Charles Dilke. Her confession was unusual in that she went to great lengths to blacken her own character in the process. She quite gratuitously included the information that under the pretext of supporting an old family servant, Sir Charles maintained a private brothel in Warren Street where he was able to gratify an appetite for group activities of an unusual nature in which she claimed she had been forced to take part. The details of Mrs. Crawford's confession were given wide publicity in the divorce proceedings, which put an end to Sir Charles's political ambitions.

What is curious is that while Mrs. Crawford's confession was entirely untruthful as an account of her relationship with Sir Charles, it appears to give an accurate picture of an affair she had entered into with a certain Captain Forster, a singularly coarse and unattractive brute who had infected her with syphilis. What her motives can have been for transferring the culpability and for standing by her story through two court cases and a lifetime, there is no way of knowing. Forster loathed Sir Charles, and there are hints and suggestions in the documents relating to the affair that Forster and Mrs. Crawford had support from others who were hostile to Dilke, but there is no real evidence bearing on the question. The affair remains one of the uglier minor mysteries of English politics of the nineteenth century. Michael Dyne's play throws no light on it whatever, and is valueless as an interpretation because of its cavalier disregard of such of the facts that are not in dispute. A large number of things that happen on the stage certainly did not take place; many others mentioned as having occurred off it happened quite otherwise in reality.

In the end, what could have been a pleasant suspense drama, if the characters had only been given other names, emerges as a complicated exercise in untruth in which hardly a line carries conviction. Sarah Badel, as the mendacious and complicated Mrs. Crawford, does her best to persuade us that she believes in her part, and she gets some support from Coral Browne, as her vixen of a mother. But the rest of the cast, even that magnificent actor Henderson Forsythe as Mr. Crawford, cannot overcome a manifest sense that their destiny is not, for the moment, a happy one.



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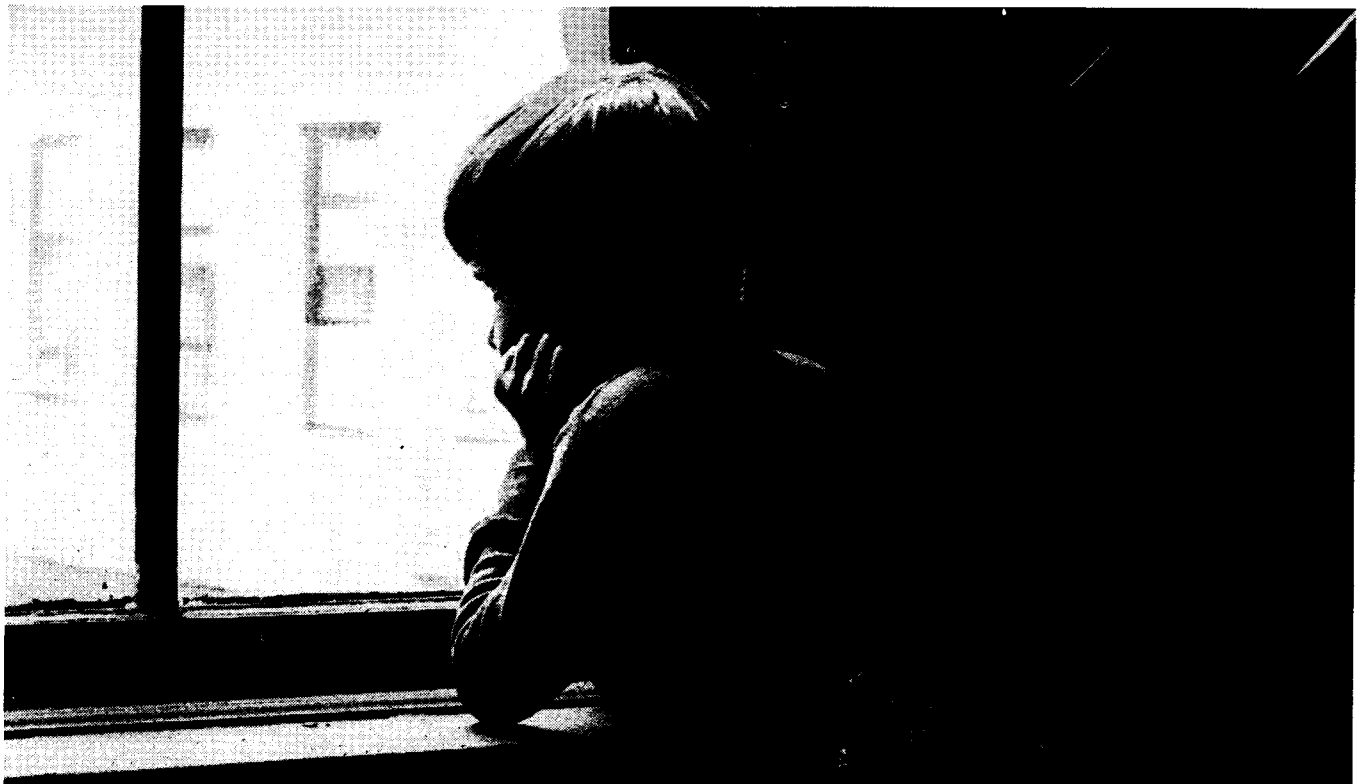

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MARTIN GREENBERG

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS, by Giorgio Bassani. Translated from the Italian by Isabel Quigly. *Atheneum. $4.95.*

The Finzi-Continis of Mr. Bassani's novel are a rich, cultivated Jewish family of Ferrara living in isolation from both their fellow Jews and Italian Fascist society in the former palace of a marchese (the time is the 1930's). They are, in fact, aristocrats. But they are not imitators or even spiritual heirs of the Italian aristocracy; what they uphold is the Jewish tradition of "separation from the nations" which in Western Europe, when joined to wealth and refinement, sometimes produced genuine aristocrats. Though the old religious vigor of this tradition has considerably weakened in the Finzi-Continis, it is still observed by them in a style of life that insists on keeping a certain distance between them and the world. And the tradition prepares them morally for the fate that strikes their co-religionists down completely unawares.

Set over against the aristocratic landowning Finzi-Continis with their devotion to old forms is the energetic Jewish community of Ferrara, and especially the father of the unnamed narrator—modern-minded business and professional people belonging to families which ever since the abolition of the ghetto have done everything possible to become assimilated into the society around them and accepted as patriotic Italians. In the eyes of the narrator's father, who is a "free-thinker, war volunteer, fascist whose membership went back to 1919, sports enthusiast, in fact modern Jew," professór Ermanno and his family are snobs. Their aloofness is a deliberate discourtesy toward their fellow Jews and even a kind of "underground" anti-Semitism; at the same time he finds their observance of the traditional forms of Jewish piety ostentatious bigotry. When Mussolini opens the Fascist Party to everybody in 1933, the Ferrara Jews join almost to a man; but professór Ermanno politely hands back the already filled-in membership card to the party representative who waits upon him personally at his mansion on Corso Ercole I d'Este. The narrator's father, in counting on his fingers at the dinner table "how many of us *judìm* in Ferrara were still 'outside,' " laughs with exasperated violence when he reaches the name of Ermanno Finzi-Contini and describes how the latter showed the Fascist representative to the door and then, catching his black look, politicly slipped him five thousand lire for the party youth camps. It is at this time that the Finzi-Continis withdraw from the synagogue and set up a place of worship of their own, cutting their only tie with the community. Their elected isolation is complete.

FROM BOYHOOD, the narrator is powerfully drawn to these Finzi-Continis in whose presence he feels himself "the son of such commonplace, such 'assimilated' parents: a semi-*goi*, in fact," and especially to the daughter Micòl. But he is never able to penetrate the walls surrounding their domain until Mussolini's anti-Jewish legislation of 1938 drives the Jews out of Italian life. The young Jews of Ferrara are barred from the tennis club, and Micòl and her brother Alberto, with an aristocratic self-depreciating courtesy, invite a number of them to come and knock the ball around with them if they don't mind playing with duffers and on a poor "potato patch" of a court. There in the garden of the Finzi-Continis during two weeks of late-season tennis the narrator falls in love with Micòl. Amid these events the Finzi-Continis quietly go back to worshiping at the regular synagogue. They haven't rejoined the community; the community, thrust out of the world and out of its habitual worldliness by Fascist anti-

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Semitism, has been forced to rejoin them in the traditional Jewish separation from the nations—a separation whose price, as so often in the old European past, is martyrdom and death.

In the foreground of the novel is the narrator's hopeless love for Micòl; he importunes her with it with clumsy persistence. But underneath her airy, spirited personality she is not oriented toward life but toward the past and toward death (her favorite poet, the subject of her doctor's thesis, is Emily Dickinson). What he loves in Micòl is the courtesy and courage and truthfulness of the old Finzi-Contini way of separation. But she understands that their separation is a doomed anachronism, like the family carriage still kept up with spit and polish by the ancient servant and all the other old outmoded things in the Finzi-Contini mansion; the millennial Jewish tradition of isolation from Western Europe has only seemed to be revived thanks to the negative agency of Mussolini's racial laws. She snorts at the idea of their becoming engaged, "with rings exchanged, and parents calling on each other, and so on and so forth. . . . a perfectly marvellous match! There'd even be people who'd bless the racial laws when they saw us. . . . "

Finally he finds the courage to give her up. Nevertheless he has learned from the Finzi-Continis the necessity of separation—not the old traditional, aristocratic Jewish separateness of Western Europe, for which there is no longer a place, but separateness in general, separateness as a kind of modern absolute. He has learned to be an outsider, and by opposing this negative to the negative Fascist world he turns it into a positive strength. By choosing separation the narrator becomes united with his own spiritual person—that person which likes best the "negative" modern poetry ranging "from Eliot to Montale, from García Lorca to Esenin," the poetry his Communist friend attacks for its turning away from life—and follows the outsider's path into a Fascist prison. But we hear about this only in a brief epilogue.

The narrator, standing in the present in which the great trees of the Finzi-Contini park have long

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since been cut down, in which the Finzi-Contini mansion, forgotten by the few Jews left in Ferrara, is a barracks for fifty beggarly evacuee families, looks back to the past in long, complex sentences of recollection that curl around their subject with aching tenderness. In the end, like Micòl, he cares only for the past: "Micòl kept telling Malnate [the Communist friend] that she cared nothing for his democratic, social future, that she abhorred the future in itself, far, far preferring *'le vierge, le vivace et le bel aujourd'hui,'* and the past even more, the dear, the sweet, the pious past."

The theme of separation, of the outsider, indeed of the outsider as Jew, is a familiar one in modern literature. Mr. Bassani deliberately embraces this theme. But it changes its meaning under his hand. His outsiders are those who turn away from the flat, untransfigured present to immerse themselves in the past which alone is full of feeling and goodness and mystery: "How well she understood me! The way I longed for the present to become the past *at once,* so that I could love it and gaze fondly at it any time; it was just exactly the way she felt. It was *our* vice, this: looking backwards as we went ahead. . . ."

This describes a kind of radical nostalgia; the penetrating vision *into* modern life of the great modern literature here turns into a nostalgic looking backwards.

But I prefer to praise this novel, which, with its elaborate sentences and careful art, is literary in a good, an old-fashioned way. Above all it has sweetness, a genuine, unsentimental, clear-eyed sweetness. The Finzi-Continis are loved but also clearly seen; love and perception go together to make up the fine portrait of Ermanno Finzi-Contini, as they go together to compose the touching portrait of the narrator's father. The racial laws have cut the ground from under the latter's feet; his blue eyes grow bewildered, he is unable to sleep any more and he turns to his son to learn from him to give up his lifelong hopes, as the son is helped by his father to learn to give up the delusive hopes he sets on Micòl and all the Finzi-Continis. The novel is a work of genuine piety.

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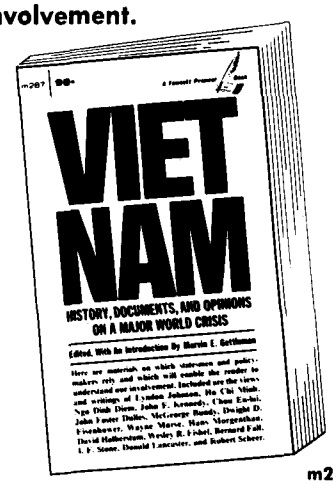


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"THAT WAS THE WEEKEND *that was: The Baby Left came out to play, as expected, and there was the Senile Left tottering forth delightedly to greet them — new comrades to man the rickety old barricades as they have not been manned since the popular front days of the 30's. In 1965, however, popular front has become Pop Front. The orders went out: cool the draft. Tear up your card. Lie Down. Fake faggotry, drug addiction, football knee. Kicks, man.*"

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# Absolutely Ripping!

**DEREK MORGAN**

WHEN LONDON WALKED IN TERROR, by Tom A. Cullen. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.*

Most heroes, villains, myths, and sagas can be cut down to mortal size. Napoleon, statistics show, lost nearly as many battles as he won; Billy the Kid was a retarded twit from Brooklyn who seems to have shot a couple of people in the back with a shotgun but who would have stood only an even chance face-to-face with a Girl Scout; Shakespeare's English will become a dead language, the Pillars of Hercules will erode into the sea, and the Beatles will go bald.

One person, however, remains invulnerable to the ravages of time and a changing world, at least for Mr. Cullen and for me: the man, woman, or raging demon whom official records prosaically refer to as the Whitechapel murderer of 1888. "Jack the Ripper" is the name he signed to the playfully maniacal letters he wrote to Scotland Yard, and for ten weeks of unprecedented savagery he held London by the throat, and then disappeared forever. His victims were all drunken whores. His deeds were the sensation of Europe and America, and in England itself everyone from Queen Victoria and the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, to the drabs of the East End where he plied his trade was horrified—alike by the hideousness of his operations and the sniggering insouciance with which he kept the police supplied with jokes and poems and with clues about his "funny little games," including half-eaten remnants of his previous "events" and the approximate dates and locations of his future ones. He performed his unspeakable butcheries, God knows how, on open streets in districts that were full of police and vigilantes whose sole aim was to catch him. Eventually, amid the tumult and panic, the Commissioner of Police was forced to resign.

The Ripper was a dedicated worker, and by the time he had finished with a body it was cooling off extremely rapidly. Nevertheless most of his victims were found still warm, which must have chilled those who found them with the knowledge that he was still close by. One night, indeed, he was apparently interrupted before he had finished preparing a victim to his exacting standards, whereupon he struck again within the hour and, perhaps in pique, performed his most complete operation yet. Throughout that incredible night he seems to have played some gleeful game of blindman's buff with the police. They arrived at a street fountain to find the sink still running with the blood from his hands; he chalked messages for them on walls as he went. But they might as well have chased a shadow. No one saw him then, and, despite a thousand claims and a thousand leads, no one ever saw him.

His reign had a fine sense of climax, beginning with simple throat slashings (though enthusiastic enough to rank as near-decapitations) and building by degrees to a final experiment in *charcuterie* whose details I leave you and Mr. Cullen to explore at leisure. Suffice to quote: "Working at top speed, it took two skilled surgeons and their assistants seven hours to reassemble the body so that it could be identified. . . ." News of this last murder burst upon the crowds assembled to view the Lord Mayor's procession the following day, and the procession was turned into a rout. That was the last anyone heard of Jack the Ripper.

WELL, perhaps not the last. It is difficult to calculate how many thrillers have been based upon Jack, how many children have been scared into eating their porridge at the mention of his name, or how many hours have been spent by criminologists throughout the world, amateur and professional, in working out possible identities. He was a Portuguese seaman, he was a Polish Jew, a doctor, a midwife, a policeman, a butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker. To Bernard Shaw he was a social reformer out to call

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attention to the shocking conditions of the East End slums. Some claim mystically that he's still alive—which you'd better not even think about when you're walking around Spitalfields at night by yourself, particularly if you're a drunken whore.

But there is at least one circumstance to be noted. Shortly after what proved to be the last Ripper murder, Scotland Yard began to behave as though it were completely satisfied that there would be no more. Why? What did the police know? And if they were so sure of their knowledge, why did they not make it public? Mr. Cullen quotes a member of an anti-Ripper vigilante group as saying that the police told him in confidence that it was certain beyond doubt that the Ripper had drowned himself in the Thames soon after committing his last murder. Many students of the affair have decided that either his mind exploded irretrievably after that last fantastic crime or that someone who knew him realized the truth and told the police—and that, either way, he took his own life rather than cope with the fragmentation of his brain or the prospect of capture.

Mr. Cullen goes along with this, and goes further. He accepts the reconstruction of Sir Melville Macnaghten, Assistant Police Commissioner in charge of CID from 1903 to 1913, who became a detective officer six months after the Ripper "committed suicide." Macnaghten, with only vague hints about the reasons for his deductions, narrowed the possible suspects down to three, and came down heavily in favor of one. Mr. Cullen "reveals for the first time" (here we go!) who that one was and thereupon selects his own facts (it seems to me) to fit. Far be it from me to spoil his book for you by telling you who his prime suspect was—don't worry, it wasn't Tennyson or Queen Victoria.

I DON'T BELIEVE a word of Mr. Cullen's theory anyhow. And don't, I must confess, particularly want to. I want my Ripper unknown, unimaginable, and incomparably terrifying. I don't want to hear from psychologists or sociologists, and, whatever they say, I shall go on scaring five-year-olds into eating their porridge by threatening them with "Saucy Jack."


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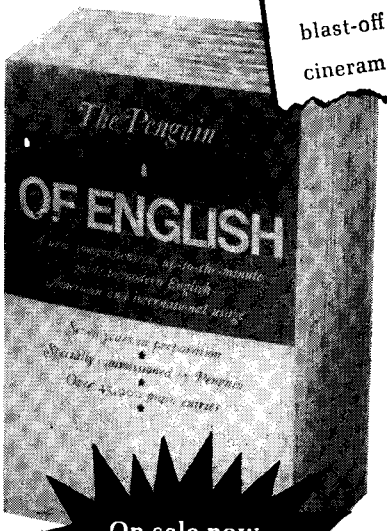


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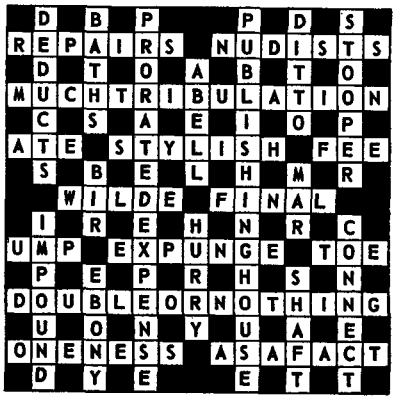



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You can believe that if you want to. I can only try
To forget him. As the unbelievable night
Fell everywhere, he parked his car beneath a liveoak, sat
In darkness for a moment, flicked the top
Of his Zippo and spun the wheel; a brief flaring in the shadows
Lived and died while the end of his cigarette
Tore a burning hole in the black atmosphere around him.
His cab door shut behind him quietly;
Susan Boulevard was silent, empty. He walked along
The unclean gray of pavement toward his room
Where from a dresser Ruby Jo (Krebs) Click, his mother, and
Billy Sam Click were being remembered, framed
In gunmetal. The flowers of the paper on the walls
Are not to be described: he sat beneath
The stare he read into their centers, smoked a while, and then
Rose silently and crossed the room, and parting
The dotted-Swiss white window curtains with one forefinger
Gazed out across the darkened road at what
Was not merely Dallas, but a burning of bluish fires
That flickered along dark faces everywhere,
Through every window. He looked out beyond Dallas, beyond
The imprisoning American night, mild
And violent, as he dissolved into his room, in total
Remembrance of other nights—getting his wick
Dipped, aboard the Golden State in '47, say—
While airbrakes gasped (five blocks away a bus
Halted suddenly because a passenger appeared
To flag it down, then vanished), while the silence
Whirled and broke to the shattering of mundane noises again.
It probably took some hours before the last
Emanation of his residence forsook the room
On Susan Boulevard, and at the end
There was a moment, surely, when reports of any kind
As to whether he was there or not
Were in the strictest sense quite meaningless, as when
The drying stain along a sunbleached sheet
Hovers unwillingly between worlds, after it has been
Reclaimed by a terrible unblinking glare.

—JOHN HOLLANDER

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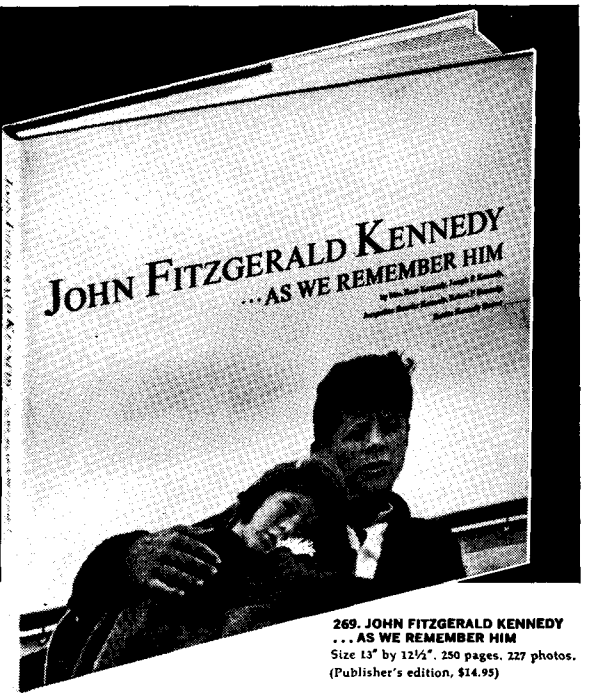


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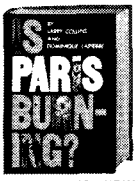


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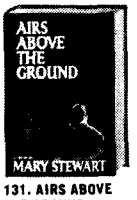


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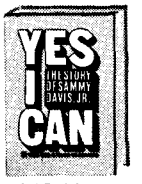


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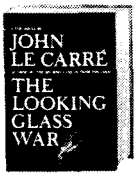


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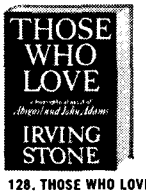


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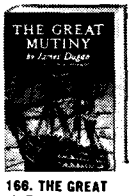


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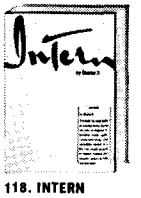


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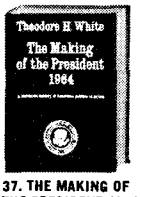


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